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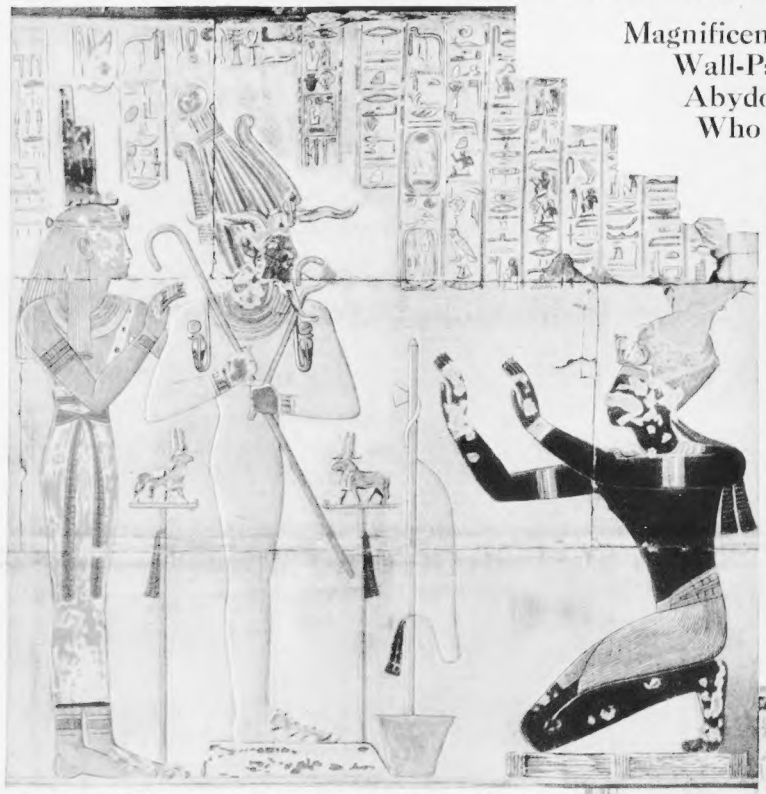
Sunday, Jan. 17, 1937

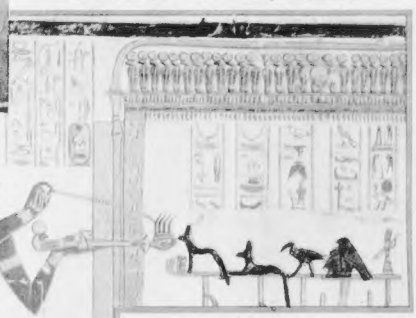
New Light On Ancient Egyptian Life And Religion

Magnificent Reproductions of the Entire Wall-Paintings of the Temple at Abydos of Seti I, the Pharaoh Who Oppressed the Israelites

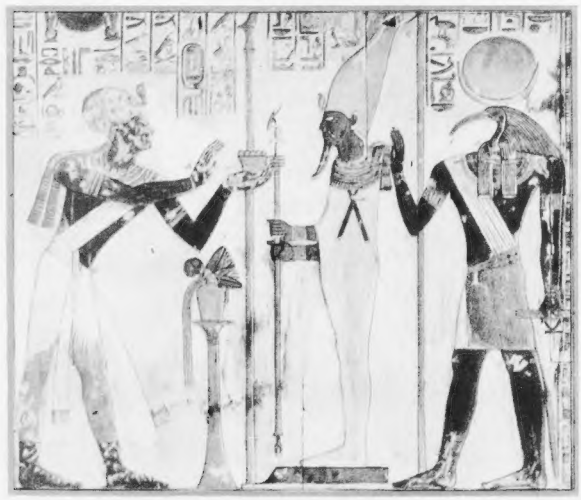


The Pious Pharaoh Seti I, Garbed as King and Priest, Kneels in Adoration Before Osiris, the God of Goodness, in the Temple Built and Decorated by the Pharaoh's Orders at Abydos.

To Attain Happy Immortality the Pharaoh Burns Incense Before the Great God Osiris, Who Is Accompanied by the Jackal-headed Anubis, His Crafty Subordinate.



Here the Pharaoh Is Burning Incense Before the Emblems of Osiris—Miniature Jackals, Ibises and Hawks.



Osiris Receives a Jar of the Mineral Natron, Symbol of Eternal Life, From the Illustrious Pharaoh, the Greatest Champion of the National Religion.

PROBABLY the most interesting and instructive work of ancient Egypt yet published is the volume reproducing the wall-paintings on the Temple of Pharaoh Seti I at Abydos.

The first volume of a series is now out, dealing with the chapels of Osiris, Isis and Horus. There are seven chapels in all, the others being dedicated to the chief gods of Thebes, Heliopolis and Memphis and to Pharaoh Seti, who raised himself to the rank of a divinity. This is a joint publication of the Egypt Exploration Society and the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

Seti I, the father of old Rameses the Great, was himself one of the greatest of all the Pharaohs, although he belonged to the line that oppressed the Israelites and brought about the Exodus, as described in the Bible. He began to rule about 1313 B. C. and greatly strengthened his empire, but the latter part of his life was devoted to the Egyptian religion, which was mainly a preparation for the life after death. Perhaps his greatest monument was the Temple at Abydos, to which he connected his mysterious, long-hidden empty tomb, designed to confuse his identity with that of Osiris, a building recently excavated by the same learned bodies that prepared the present volume.

The finest wall-paintings of the Temple are reproduced in colored plates, based on photographs to secure accuracy, but redrawn and colored from the originals on the Temple walls. The brilliancy and soft patina of the originals have been faithfully preserved by a staff of able artists and photographers. The other wall-paintings are shown in black and white line drawings made from the photographs and the chief architectural features in magnificent photographic reproductions. The munificence of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made possible the color reproductions and the completeness of the collection.

The pictures tell the complete story of ancient Egyptian religion at the time they were made, and much of the daily life of the country. Those in the present volume illustrate the worship of Osiris, Isis and Horus, the great trio of divinities in Seti's time, as it was performed every day in the Temple—the solemn approach to the shrine, the burning of incense, the sprinkling of holy water, the presentation of gifts, and so forth. But the pious Pharaoh, who was both king and priest, has had himself depicted in place of the regular priest.

Interesting War Experiments With Pigeons As Photographers

PARIS.

CARRIER pigeons played an important part in the World War and, if experiments that have been going on in this country and in Germany work out, these intelligent birds will have much more responsible roles to fill in the next war—which many observers think will break out in Europe before the world is much older.

Within the past year French inventors have perfected a camera which weighs only a few ounces and which is light enough to be carried by pigeons. The photograph at the right of the page shows one of these machines fastened to a bird that has made more than a dozen test flights.

The pigeons, of course, have nothing to do with the snapping of the aerial snapshots—that's all taken care of by a simple and fool-proof clockwork mechanism. All they have to do is soar into the air and instinctively head back to their "home." The camera is so made that its "eye" is pointed earthward at the proper angle.

Every minute or so the shutter clicks and a record is made of the ground beneath. Three enlargements of the so-called "pigeon pictures" are shown on this page. The little roll of film with which French army experts have been experimenting is big enough for twenty exposures and the negatives measure about an inch and three quarters long by half an inch wide. As soon as a war pigeon arrives back at its base the camera is taken off, and rushed to a specially equipped dark room where the film is developed and printed.

Although no one, except the military men involved, know just how much work along this line has been done, there are rumors that the Germans have been playing around with "pigeon pictures" since a year or two after the close of the World War and that they have developed a camera which is superior in some respects to the French machine.

At Spandau the government has established a special institution, under the direction of high military officials, just to train carrier pigeons and find ways of making the birds more useful in case of emergency. It is reported that the German camera, which already has been flown thousands of miles on the breasts of the finest of the little "war birds," is even lighter in weight than the French camera and that it can take many more exposures without being reloaded with film.

There are stories, too, that the chamber in which the film is rolled over a cylinder actuated by clockwork 18 larger than that of the French camera and that as many as 500 "shots" can be taken without reloading.

It may be that the French military men are purposely holding back certain information about their camera and that it will take many more than 20 photographs per flight. It seems incredible that there should be such a difference between the two cameras, especially when France boasts some of the most expert makers of lenses and machinery for taking pictures.

One story that was published in England and said to be authentic was this: The best carrier pigeon of the German army—and probably the No. 1 homing pigeon of the world—once made a flight of 160 miles with the little camera strapped to its body. When the camera was taken from the almost exhausted bird and the film developed, it was found that the 150 sharply focused pictures had been snapped—just about one "shot" per mile of flight.

Pigeons are fast flyers and difficult targets. They will be able to go places and get pictures that might be impossible even to the fastest of observation planes. That's why France, Germany—and other European countries—are giving so much time and thought to training the birds and perfecting light cameras which the pigeons are capable of carrying.

Some of the little pictures brought back by the French pigeons in recent experimental flights showed that the birds had ranged 50 miles and more, and had flown at high speed at altitudes varying from 500 to 1,500 feet. The weight of of the equipment cuts the speed of the couriers, but that is, in a way, an advantage because the pictures are not spaced too far apart to leave great areas of the terrain unphotographed.

Right—First Photograph Taken by the Soaring Pigeon With the Clock work Camera. After the Bird Had Been Liberated From a Plane. The Picture Shows a Section of the Plane and a Railroad Yard Below.

Left—The Second of Twelve Snapshots Produced a View of a City Street, in Fine Detail, Although This Photograph Had to Be Enlarged From a Negative an Inch and Three-quarters Long and Half an Inch Wide.

Another View of Paris, Snapped by the Soaring Pigeon Carrying the Automatic Aerial Camera.

The New Military Camera, With Its Telescopic Lens and Spring Mechanism, Which Operates the Fast Shutter at Intervals During the Flight of the Pigeon.

More Fame for Beauty Queen

BEAUTY QUEENS come and go. A few of the pageant of pulchritude winners graduate to the stage, the movies or the night clubs, but most of them reign for a little while and are forgotten by the admirers who once thought them so glamorous.

Perhaps Mlle. Nina Pohl has given this subject some thought and made up her young mind to do something about it. Anyway, she has refused to drop out of the picture since she was crowned Miss Russia a couple of years ago and recently made her debut in Paris as a ballet dancer.

There were those in the audience who made so bold as to remark that La Pohl's legs and turns would not dim the memory of the late great Pavlowa, but even these admirers of the woman generally conceded to be the most graceful dancer who ever lived admitted that Mlle. Pohl was a performer of some skill and considerable promise.

FRANCIS C. PUGAST PHOTO

Miss Nina Pohl, Who, According to French Experts, Is Following in the Footsteps of the Late Pavlowa. Miss Pohl Was the "Miss Russia" of the 1933 International Beauty Contest, and Is One of Few Girls in That Competition Who Have Not Been Forgotten.

Back in 1933, when the judges of an international beauty contest at Nice bestowed the title "Miss Russia" on Mlle. Pohl, there was some little talk that the crown should have been placed on one of several other Slavic heads among the contestants, not because the winner wasn't more comely than they, but because she never had stepped foot on Russian soil in her life.

However, she won the award and the attendant publicity, and in the minds of a lot of people she proved that she was a proper claimant for the honor. It was this way: At the time of the revolution the girl's parents, who were of the upper class, just managed to get out of Russia and into France before the Reds caught them. A few weeks after the escape Nina was born. All her blood was Russian, but the land of her birth was France.

When she was growing up—and getting prettier all the time—her folks lived in France and in Germany, but they never tried to get back to their native land, and Nina learned only a few words of Russian. The judges may or may not have known the circumstances of her birth and her upbringing, but they went right ahead and proclaimed her "Miss Russia"—and got her a lot of publicity.

Mlle. Pohl cannot be accused of trying to cash in on her beauty crown, however, for she has refused many offers to appear in night clubs and is seriously training for the opera. She knows that it's a long and arduous road she's traveling and that she may never develop sufficient talent to become a prima ballerina. Her teacher says she has real talent, however, and takes her ambition seriously.

Important people in the French capital are watching the career of the beauty queen, but the Soviets haven't taken the slightest interest in her.

Primitive Artist's 800-Year-Old "Thinker"

LONDON.

ONE of the best known pieces of sculpture in the world is Rodin's, "The Thinker," that heroic figure of a muscular man apparently pondering the ways of the world. More than any other of his works this statue spread Rodin's fame as an artist—yet 800 years before this genius was born some aboriginal carver seems to have had much the same inspiration for a three-dimensional portrait.

When the scientists unearthed the crude but expressive figurine shown in the photograph at the left they knew they had found a priceless relic of Mexican art, and they were struck by the pose of the statue. The name of the sculptor never will be known but whoever he was, there is little question that he was creating a small likeness of a man absorbed by his thoughts.

The relic is attracting a great deal of attention at the Field Museum, Chicago. It is only one of many works of art from the west coast of Mexico but, in a manner of speaking, it steals the show and has moved hundreds of visitors to remark, "The Thinker."

This primitive work of art and other pieces dating back eight centuries and more reveals that the inhabitants of what is now the State of Jalisco, in Mexico, were a cultured race long before the first of the Conquistadors arrived here to slash and shoot their way to a fabulous Eldorado they never found.

The sculpture was done by some member of the Tarascan peoples who ruled a large part of the west coast of Mexico and history tells us that these primitive inhabitants of Central America were a scrappy as well as an artistic lot. In the fifteenth century the Aztecs, supposedly the masters of their world in those days, tried to subdue the Tarascans and were, to their surprise and chagrin, sent back where they came from.

From many pieces of sculpture found in Jalisco it is plain to archeologists that the Tarascans gave much time and thought to art and that many of the tribe were blessed with the ability to mold the things they saw about them.

In the same soil from which the primitive "Thinker" came the picks and shovels of curious scientists have dug up caricatures of men, women, native gods and animals. Some of these pieces of sculpture are solid and others are fashioned in the form of water jars and as vases to hold offerings to the tribal deities.

The sculptors of these relics had a sort of talent that was remarkable for their time—they knew how to give their figurines human expression. In other words, the faces of their statuettes were not just faces. They looked as though they actually had been modeled from life, despite their comparative crudity.

These artists of long ago had a sense of humor, too, and many of their caricatures are genuinely comic, especially their small models of animals. It is hoped that further digging in this part of Mexico will unearth other objects to throw new light on the customs of the Tarascans.

Two statuettes found in this section of Mexico are representations of the hairless dog which would indicate that what is known today as the Mexican Hairless was domesticated before the Spanish invasion.

"The Thinking Man" Statuette Made More Than 800 Years Ago by an Aboriginal Mexican Artist. It Is Now on Exhibition Among the Archeological Collections at the Field Museum of Natural History.

New Gadget Insures Against Baggy Trouser Legs

LONDON.

AS IF to prove the truth of the old saying, "It's the little things that count," visitors to the Ideal Homes Exhibition, recently held in this city, showed more interest in the small and inexpensive gadget illustrated in the photograph at the right of the page than they did in much more intricate and important machinery for making home a more comfortable place in which to live.

Not everyone who belongs to what the late Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan tunefully called "the lower and middle classes" can buy an electric ice box or a motorized washing machine, but an electric pants presser is something else. It doesn't cost much and, to use a rather hackneyed phrase, it fills a long-felt want.

If the British pants pressers, with their flatirons and steam-machines for smoothing the wrinkles out of clothes, had anything to say about such things, they would have registered a protest against the little contraption that attracted so much attention at the exposition. If the electric gadget becomes popular, thousands of pairs of pants that used to find their way to the tailor shops will be creased at home, in the manner shown in the photograph—and that's going to be hard on the boys who rehabilitate trousers for a living.

A handsome young man was engaged to demonstrate the electrified pants creaser at the exhibition. From the day the fair opened until it closed he was surrounded by a crowd of dames and damsels, who listened attentively to his spiel and watched while he showed how simple it is, with the help of science and industry, to put a razor edge on a pair of baggy trousers. The fellow gathered a lot of malea about him, too, and, in the finest of Oxford English, set forth the boon that such a device would be to his fellow citizens from Glasgow to Land's End.

It seems that the machine, which consists of two metal leaves, a handle which squeezes them together, and a heating coil that can't get hot enough to burn the cloth, works quickest and best when the trousers are slightly moistened where the edge is desired. The job can be done in less than 15 minutes.

Two or three trips up and down the trouser leg and the dampness is taken out as the edge goes in.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

This Electrical Iron for Keeping the Trousers in Press Was One of the Big Hits at the Ideal Home Exhibition in London. It's No Trouble at All to Press Trousers With It, While Still Wearing Them.

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The Bogus "Lord Desmond" Ends His Career in Sing Sing

No More Champagne and Pretty Girls as the Beguiling Impostor, Swindler and Blackmailer Sheds His Monocle and Moves From His Hotel Suite Into a Prison Cell

"His Lordship" Acted His Part Impressively, Stretched at Full Length on a Chaise Longue in Gorgeous Dressing Gown With Monocle at His Eye and a Long Jeweled Cigarette Holder in His Hand, While a Liquor Tantalus Stood on a Taboret at Easy Reach Beside Him.

IN Sing Sing Prison sits Lord Ernest Desmond—well, not exactly a British Lord and his name isn't Desmond. He was a distinguished doctor—that is to say, he had some correspondence school medical diplomas. And he was a lawyer, a member of the bar—but that was not quite right either; he never studied law. It was fascinating to hear him talk of his chateau in France—well, there are chateaus in France but he didn't own any.

Lord Ernest Desmond de Hagen, as he called himself, was born in the Virgin Islands; he had no title nor family background and he was a telegraph operator. Life was dull in the Virgin Islands and pay was poor. He decided to step out into the world and so he bought himself some swanky clothes, learned to keep a monocle in his eye, and bestowed on himself that impressive title. And then began the fantastic career which lasted many years before the iron gates of Sing Sing closed on him the other day.

It's easy enough to stay on Easy Street when there's money in the bank, but what does one do without it? Lord Ernest Desmond found that he, for one, could do a great deal, and he lived in luxury by his wits, such as they were. Before the law caught on, he rolled in money, lived like a prince, with plenty of champagne and women, and in general disproved the saying that you can't make something out of nothing.

It is said that fortune aids fools, and certainly it didn't take much brains for "His Lordship" to get by. Psychiatrists who examined him found that the home-spun lord, who is 47 years old, has the intelligence of a boy of 13. But whatever it takes, Desmond had it, and apparently "it" some in what he had. A personable appearance, a smooth and high-flown manner of speech, a monocle which he wore constantly, and plenty of front—that's all he had, but a set-up like that can make the shoddiest goods seem real. Personality was the goose that laid Desmond's golden eggs for him, and in the past it solved so many of his problems that the bogus nobleman was deeply hurt when Judge Morris Koenig of New York City sentenced him to two and a half years to five years imprisonment recently.

Before he was jailed and learned that wishes no longer meant anything, Desmond found it easy to take care of his wishes. He just let them come true. So the polished gentleman with the Oxford accent called himself, at various times, English peer, scientist, chiropractor, eye-ear-nose-and-throat doctor, professor, theatrical producer, business man, and honorary member of the bar. In a lunatic asylum such over-night changes might seem natural, but it is surprising that the faking Lord Desmond was able to get away with them in a world which is often criticized as being over-suspicious.

The history of this hollow man sounds like a fairy tale, and follows almost step by step the tale of the little tailor who killed seven flies at one flick of a towel because they buzzed around the marmalade.

"What a fellow you are," said the story-book tailor to himself, admiring his own bravery at killing so many flies. "Not only the town, but the whole world shall know of your exploit." So he dressed himself up in a suit he had just made for a local official, and embroidered on his belt the words "Seven at One Stroke." Of course, all who saw the inscription were afraid, because they thought it was seven men the tailor had killed.

The swindler, Desmond, in much the same manner, was originally just a telegraph operator, born in the Virgin Islands, as already said. But he became tired of being a little fish in a little pond, and one fine day he, too, decided that the whole world should know what a wonderful man he was.

With a little imagination and not too much respect for truth, the story-book tailor was able to bluff even a giant on his journey. The giant wanted to rock and dared the tailor to do the same, but the tailor happened to have some cheese in his pocket, and the giant was impressed when the tailor not only crushed that looked like a rock, but also ate it.

Once, in the same way, when Desmond said he was a British Secret Service agent, somebody challenged his statement, but he obligingly tapped out a few telegraph codes. In this way he convinced everybody, because none knew that he was once a telegraph operator. So gibby did he put over many half-truths that even after Desmond was indicted, prominent friends refused to lose faith in him.

Sing Sing is not the first prison Desmond has been, so, however, for even though he managed to live without working, every now and then the police found out about it and gave him some work to do, in the way of breaking rocks. Thus, according to his probation record, "His Lordship" has had his share of trouble. In 1918, in Winnipeg, he was cleared of a manslaughter charge, which grew out of a hospital patient's suicide while Desmond was on the medical staff. Three years later he was fined $100 in Racine, Wisconsin, for unlawfully buying medicine. In 1929 he was fined $500 for the unlawful practice of medicine in St. Louis, and was sentenced to a year in the workhouse, but escaped.

Pretty Marie Nielsen, Beauty Prize Winner, Who Won the Attention of "Lord Desmond" and Became One of His Companions.

"Lord Desmond."

As time went on, his stories became more fantastic to justify the ever larger sums of money he needed. He would say without a blush that he required money to hush customs officials because he had brought too much wine into the country on his "diplomatic" passport. He would explain, without hesitation, that his godfather was Austen Chamberlain and that although the British Cabinet member usually helped him out financially, this time "the old fool sent a watch instead of money."

One time he would admit that he was the last of a long line of English nobles in Kent, England, and the next day he would be telling about his chateau in Bordeaux, France. This make-believe chateau often came in handy. He would say that he needed $100,000 because the French government was going to close it as a fire hazard unless he made expensive repairs.

Desmond made his entrance into fine homes as a doctor, charging for his services $70 a visit. The susceptible women he fleeced, but whose hands he held sympathetically, were happy to be treated by this "nobleman." The preposterous price the rascal charged disarmed suspicion. How could they know that his medical licenses to practice were what the District Attorney's office called "diploma mill" products?

But it was as a doctor bleeding rich patients that Desmond was most successful. With this easy money he lived at the most expensive hotels, and whenever a servant failed to call him "Lord," he flew into a rage and would ask that the servant be fired. One of his apartments, on Park Avenue, became known as the "bird cage," so fantastically was it decorated with many gilt-framed mirrors plastered over the ceilings and walls. A visiting woman would be overwhelmed by not one but a hundred fascinating "lords" seeming to come at her from all directions. Just how much the rascal made from blackmail—wealthy acquaintances nobody knows.

The counterfeit lord's parties always held some new surprise. Chorus girls, jaded women, small-time lawyers and all sorts of queer persons out for a thrill would flock to his teas. Once, to introduce his new reducing machine, Desmond gave a party at which guests were ushered in by His Lordship wearing red velvet pajamas and the usual monocle. After explaining the machine and its price, he adjusted the belt around his torso, turned the switch, and demonstrated the machine. All he kept on were his monocle and his conversation.

At other times, wearing his brilliant bathrobe, monocle, and long cigarette-holder, he entertained chorus girls and other impressionable females, telling them of his wonderful adventures and serving them champagne. He had, as the probation report put it, a whole "sequence of mistresses." For Desmond, who was in the habit of proposing nearly every week, is not the marrying kind.

The false peer was sitting on top of the world, and it looked as if he would go on that way forever, so many paying propositions was he engaged in at the same time. But that was his mistake; he had too many irons in the fire, and finally it became too hot for him to stay in New York. He was indicted in connection with an extortion ring accused of having attempted to blackmail Alfred E. Smith, Jr., Jack Dempsey, Samuel Stampleman, Harry Bannister (ex-husband of Ann Harding), and other well-known persons.

On his flight from New York, Desmond was accompanied as far as Richmond, Virginia, by "Miss America" of 1931, otherwise known as Marie Nielsen, who says she is now 21 years old. During his five-day stay at Richmond, Desmond was reported to have bought 50 quarts of champagne in one restaurant, tipped with $5 bills, and flashed a $1,000 roll. Just the same, Miss Nielsen got off the sinking ship at this point and returned to New York. The blonde companion said Desmond promised to marry her, "but he said he wouldn't until we got to Mexico. So I came back to New York."

The same charms for which Atlantic City and Galveston beauty contest judges named her "Miss New York" and also awarded her the nation's beauty title were lost on police, however, when she was picked up on her return to New York. It was the hope of New York's Assistant District Attorney, Harry W. Hastings, that she could lead them to Desmond.

When she was questioned with six other girls, it was pointed out to her that perhaps Desmond had quite a harem; but still faithful, Miss Nielsen replied that "every harem has a favorite."

Before Desmond was brought back from Los Angeles, where he had been found and arrested, he wired the District Attorney's office in typical flowery Desmond style: "I hereby promise to aid you in every possible honest capacity by being your State's witness. I am respectfully making this offer as an innocent man swearing to the truth. I imploringly beg the consideration and mercy of your office. May I respectfully state that I pray that my exile must be construed as merely a dread of languishing in jail for the need of bail, which I see no opportunity of securing." These words are just about a perfect example of what Desmond thought is the way nobility speaks.

"His Lordship" Raising an Enormous Beaker of Champagne. He Is Reported to Have Bought Thirty Quarts of Champagne on One Occasion.

Mrs. Susan McKleroy, Wealthy Alabama Widow, Who Gave Large Sums to the Bogus Nobleman.

It never rains but it pours, and so it was once things went wrong with the "lord of liars." After Desmond was questioned in connection with the alleged payments of hush money by Alfred E. Smith, Jr., Mrs. Susan McKleroy, a wealthy widow, accused Desmond of theft, so that four indictments followed, two charging him with grand larceny, and two with attempted extortion. He pleaded guilty. In one charge against him Henry Ross, lawyer, and Max D. Krone, private detective, were also named. Desmond admitted he stole $4,177 on January 2, 1932, from Mrs. McKleroy, whose lawyers said he actually got $80,000 from her for the upkeep of his mythical French estate. Desmond was also accused of attempted extortion, mentioned in the same charge, of $5,000 from a concert violinist, Pietro Aria.

Krone and Ross were tried recently on another extortion charge and the hearing resulted in a mistrial because one of the lawyers in the case said something that was held to be "prejudicial" about the defendants.

A timid, aristocratic widow, Mrs McKleroy explained that Desmond, who began as her physician in 1928, seemed to be "a very high class gentleman and a fine doctor." The gray-haired widow, whose husband was the former president of the Anniston National Bank in Alabama and former president of the Southern Bankers' Association, is now a resident of New York at 230 East 48th Street. She lives there with her Yale and Harvard educated son.

The next day after he was sentenced, Desmond checked in at Sing Sing, giving up his title for a number and prison guards took from him more than 1,000 letters and his last $2. What made him most unhappy was that they would not let him keep an enlarged picture of his Marie which he carried. This undistinguished end to Lord Desmond's gay career is just another proof that only in fairy tales can a little tailor conquer giants or a little telegraph operator become a nobleman without being found out.

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Unlucky Romance of the Young Nobleman and His Country Bride

The Hon. Randal Plunkett, the Twenty-One-Year-Old Son of Lord Louth, Whose Tragic Death Occurred Just After His Honeymoon.

eye for the blueblooded daughters of the aristocracy. Eligible for the hand of any one of a hundred debutantes of wealth and social position, he passed them all by to marry one Gwendoline Cowling, the country-born and country-bred daughter of a chauffeur—and then, after a few short months of marital happiness his pretty blonde bride was plunged into even deeper grief than some people predicted for her when, as they put it, she married out of her class.

It happened so suddenly that, for a time, Mrs. Plunkett just couldn't believe that her life with the debonair young nobleman was over. In the nightmare of her grief she cried out for "Randy" to come back and imagined that the report of his death in an automobile crash was just a bad dream from which she would awake.

A fortnight before the tragedy, Young Plunkett and his wife had gone to the garrison town of Colchester for a fortnight's vacation, a sort of delayed honeymoon before the bridegroom rejoined his regiment for a course of training.

When the day came for him to report, he kissed his wife goodbye, tucked a picture of her in his tunic and, promising to return in a day or two, started off in his car. A few hours later his mangled body was found at the wheel of the wrecked machine at a place known as Boka Shute Cross. In one of the frequent fogs that blanket the southeastern part of England the lieutenant had driven off the road and crashed against the base of a steep embankment.

When his wife, rushed to the scene, looked on the battered face of her husband, she became hysterical and, in her grief, revealed the genuine tragedy of the nobleman's death.

"They told me it couldn't last, Randy," she cried. "But I didn't believe them. I believed you. Oh, if you'd only lived, we might have showed them that love is what counts, not family, not social position, not coats-of-arms and money in the bank."

The son of Lord Louth, who is said to have registered objection to the marriage, along with other members of the family, didn't care a hoot for tradition. Once when there were rumors that he was going to marry the wealthy daughter of a noble house he bluntly denied that he had any such move in mind and that when he got around to marrying, if he ever did, it would be because he had met someone he'd fallen in love with. So-called marriages of convenience, he said, gave him a pain in the neck. They were social and financial mergers—and he wasn't interested in such deals.

He had an inspiration for this attitude in his older brother Otway, who, about eight years ago, shocked his high-born friends by marrying one Ethel Molly Gallichan, a pretty barmaid whose father worked for a railroad. Mr. Gallichan could lay no claim to distinguished ancestry. He didn't even wear a white collar, but that made no difference to the Honorable Mr. Plunkett.

The British papers made much of this romance at the time the late Randal's brother led a barmaid to the altar and gave Lord Louth "a bit of a turn," as the English say. The Baron was not present at the ceremony which was quietly performed on the Island of Jersey, where his new daughter-in-law had served ale and stout to the guests of a small hotel.

One newspaper dug up a story, which never has been denied, that the romance between the nobleman and the barmaid began when he punched a patron of the bar in the nose for talking too roughly to the girl.

At that time Randal, just beginning his military career and considered an excellent "catch" by patrician matrons with marriageable daughters, could have improved his opportunities for social and financial advancement by deploring his brother's judgment, or keeping his opinions to himself. But he did neither. He came out in the open and gave a hearty blessing to Otway and a warm welcome into the family to the bar-tending daughter of a railroad worker.

In Torquay, where Lieutenant Plunkett met the girl who is now his unhappy widow, the neighbors of the Cowlings still talk of the romance that ended so suddenly and so tragically. They remember the young man, broad-shouldered, curly-headed, looking very much the professional British officer, parking his car outside the little shop where Gwendoline worked as assistant to a hairdresser.

He made no secret of his affection for the daughter of a commoner and took her around to fairs and dances. He had a frank talk with the girl's father and mother and assured them of his serious intentions. When they, in their honesty, suggested that they are ordinary people and that it might work out better if he married someone of his own station in life, he told them then, it. Gwendoline would have him, he would consider himself the luckiest and happiest man in the country.

Just before the nobleman and the chauffeur's daughter were married in the registry office in the market town of Newton Abbot, a few miles from Torquay, there were rumors that the old lord and other members of the Plunkett clan had tried, in a quiet way, to discourage the match. But the handsome young officer of the Dragoons put a crimp in any plans that his family might have had up their sleeves when he inserted an announcement of his forthcoming marriage in the town's newspaper, bought the ring and drove his smiling fiancee around in his car to help her select some of the pieces of her trousseau.

Lord Louth, Father of the Young Officer, Whose Elder Son Also Married a Commoner.

Gwendoline Mary Cowling Plunkett, the Young Country Bride, Whose Happiness Was Short-Lived. She Was the Daughter of a Chauffeur.

Days after her husband was buried she was unable to talk calmly about her bereavement. In her one interview she said, "Pat was the finest man I ever knew. It will take me a long time to realize that he's really not coming back to me.

"Several people—some of them well-meaning friends—told me that I shouldn't have married him, that such romances as ours usually turn out badly. But I'll never believe that. I didn't marry for money or for social position. I married the man I loved. I'm sure we would have found happiness."

20,000-Year-Old Tragedy Reconstructed by Science

THE scientists of Chicago's Field Museum, one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world, have succeeded in putting some dignified and dramatic showmanship in many of their exhibits.

There was when museums were content to show the fossilized bones of extinct animals as magic specimens assembled over steel frameworks. Such relics of the past were interesting to people with some knowledge of bygone history but they left many onlookers cold. The tendency nowadays is to invest even these collections of bones with the semblance of natural action. One of the Museum's newest exhibits is a fine example of the modern method.

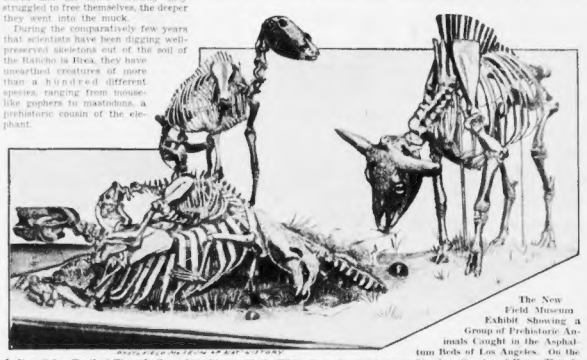
The piece is made up of four skeletons all taken from the Rancho La Brea tar pits on the outskirts of Los Angeles. It was in those sticky deposits of asphaltum that hundreds of beasts were doomed to extinction when they attempted to drink the water covering the gooey substance and found themselves trapped.

The mound of bones on the ground is composed of two beasts that haven't been around for some 20,000 years—a sabre-toothed tiger and a sloth. The tiger, one of the most vicious and powerful animals that ever lived, is attacking the sloth. At the left of the tableau is the skeleton of an early type of horse, one of the ancestors of the single-toed horse we have today. At the right of the group is another long-gone animal, a species of bison something like the "critters" that roamed the plains in great herds during the Wild West period of American history.

Nowhere else in the world is there a treasure house of fossils quite like the Rancho la Brea tar pits. Centuries ago the rocks in that section of what is now Los Angeles were slowly being covered with an accumulation of black, thick asphaltum.

During the rainy season this stuff became covered by pools of water and hundreds of species of animals coming there to slake their thirst, found themselves trapped. Their feet became mired and the more violently they struggled to free themselves, the deeper they went into the muck.

During the comparatively few years that scientists have been digging well-preserved skeletons out of the soil of the Rancho la Brea, they have unearthed creatures of more than a hundred different species, ranging from mouse-like gophers to mastodons, a prehistoric cousin of the elephant.



The New Field Museum Exhibit Showing a Group of Prehistoric Animals Caught in the Asphaltum Beds of Los Angeles. On the Left, a Sabre-Toothed Tiger Is Seen Attacking a Sloth, While Over the Combatants Stands a Species of Horse That Is Now Extinct. At the Right Is Seen a Bison, the Species of Which Died Out Centuries Ago.

Manchester's Penguin Parade

ZOOS all over the world have penguins among their living exhibits, but these strangely manlike birds from the Antarctic seem to get more attention in the Belle Vue Zoo, at Manchester, England, than in any similar establishment anywhere.

The picture below was snapped by a wandering photographer who had heard of the interesting antics of the penguins on the outskirts of the British manufacturing center and went there to see what, as he put it, he could find for "less fodder." He discovered one of the best penguin pictures taken in many years and was able to sell prints to newspapers and magazines all over the British Isles and on the Continent as well.

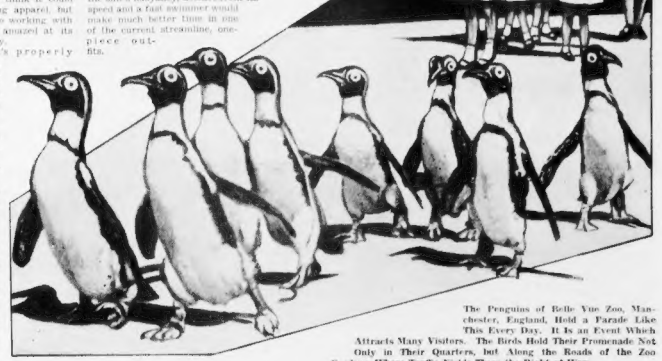
The Manchester penguins are not more human nor more highly trained than their cousins in other zoos, but every day they stage what visitors to the zoo call a "march past"—a parade, as we say in this country. The birds are extremely tame and are allowed out of their comfortable pen to roam about the grounds of the zoo. Hundreds of people visit the place mainly to watch this amusing promenade.

The birds, as anyone who has seen them knows, have a comic dignity. With their black flippers and backs and their snow-white fronts they look like caricatures of human beings dressed in evening clothes. Their webbed feet suggest the oversize shoes that clowns affect for their antics in the circus and on the stage.

All the afternoon the birds stroll about the lawns of the zoo and they seem to stand aloof from the humans who find them so amusing. They mind their own business and sometimes appear to stare right back at the people who regard these natives of the windswept Antarctic so curiously.

The penguins appear to have an almost human sense of time. About 15 minutes before their supper time they begin the "march past" back to their quarters, losing no time on the way, seldom hurrying and never late for the evening meal. The keepers say they could set their watches by the daily parade.

Automobilists are warned to watch out for the penguins, which have the right-of-way.



The Penguins of Belle Vue Zoo, Manchester, England, Hold a Parade Like This Every Day. It Is an Event Which Attracts Many Visitors. The Birds Hold Their Promenade Not Only in Their Quarters, but Along the Roads of the Zoo Gardens, Where Traffic Yields Them the Right of Way.

Wooden Pagoda Bathing Suit Makes Its Show

SCIENCE, having actually performed the stunt of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, now adds wooden bathing suits to its list of tricks. Just how popular these outfits will become remains to be seen, but they are here—as the photograph at the left so interestingly shows.

The wearer of this ultra-modern costume is Margaret Sinclair, the British actress and singer, who recently arrived in Hollywood from Shanghai. She likes its pagoda effect because it reminds her of many a temple she saw when she was living in the Orient. She admits, however, that a swimmer can enjoy more comfort in the familiar suits of silk and of wool than in this creation with its tiered skirt, and bag to match.

Scientists working in the laboratory get the credit for producing wooden fabric that can be fashioned into cloth capable of standing the wear and tear of sea and sun, but the style of the pagoda costume was the inspiration of Elvy Kalep, an Estonian aviatrix, who likes to make sketches of new and unusual clothes when she is not at the controls of a fast plane.

The flying designer has a great deal of faith in the new cloth made from trees. When she first heard of the stuff she didn't think it could be practical for wearing apparel, but when she got around to working with the material, she was amazed at its flexibility and durability.

"The material, if it's properly handled," she says, "can be used for street costumes as well as for beach wear. It drapes well, when you consider its source, and, of course, can be produced in any color and in several different textures.

"I made a bathing ensemble out of it because the cloth is somewhat more buoyant than fabric made of silk, wool, or cotton.

In such a suit it is possible to float with almost no exertion of the arms and legs, and the overlapping layers exert a slight lifting pressure on the water.

For women who spend more time in the water than parading on the beach, the designer does not recommend temple-like ruffles.

These ruffles, while they add to the suit's buoyancy, detract from its speed and a fast swimmer would make much better time in one of the current streamline, one-piece outfits.

This Young Woman, Shown on a California Beach, Is Wearing a Woven Wood Beach Costume, Fashioned After the Structure of a Chinese Pagoda. It Is More Buoyant Than a Cloth Outfit.

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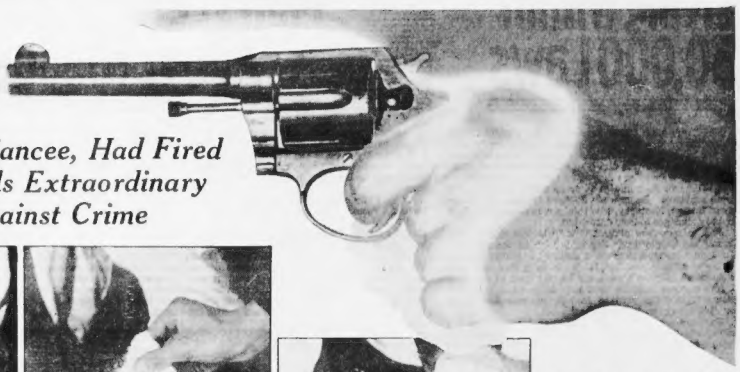
New Scientific Traps to Trip Up Murderers

The "Paraffin Test" to Discover Whether Brigadier-General Denhardt, Suspected of Killing His Fiancee, Had Fired a Pistol or Whether She Had, Reveals Extraordinary Advances in Science's War Against Crime



How the "Paraffin Test" Is Made.
1—Purified, Sterile Paraffin Is Placed in a Sterilized Bowl and Melted.

2—At a Temperature of 115 to 130 Degrees, Fahrenheit, the Melted Paraffin Is Poured Over the Back of the Suspect's Hand and Fingers.

3—The Heat of the Paraffin Causes Sweating, and the Pores Empty Themselves on the Wax, Which, When It Reaches a Certain Hardness, Is Carefully Stripped From the Hand.

4—Sulphuric Acid and Certain Other Chemicals Are Then Mixed in a Container.

5—The Paraffin From the Hand Is Then Placed in the Chemical Mixture. Before Being Dropped It Shows Only a White, Spotless Surface.

6—But If a Revolver Has Been Fired Within Five Days the Nitrates in the Gas Saturating the Skin Are Drawn Out, and Will Appear as Small Bright Blue Spots on the Paraffin.

Mrs. Verna Garr Taylor, the Dead Woman, Whose Hands Showed No Nitrate Spots, Indicating That She Had Not Shot Herself.

When a Revolver Is Fired, Invisible Gas Containing Nitrates From the Exploding Powder Is Forced Out of the Rear of the Weapon, Covering Parts of the Fingers and the Back of the Hand and Partly Saturating the Skin.

THE so-called paraffin test said to indicate that Brigadier-General Henry H. Denhardt, former Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, had fired a revolver within five days, in ending the night his fiancee, Mrs. Verna Garr Taylor, was shot through the heart, is one of the newest forms of scientific crime detection.

General Denhardt told the authorities that the pretty widow had taken his big, 45-calibre service revolver out of his car, walked off into the night and evidently killed herself with it. They were stalled on a country road near La Grange, Kentucky. Mrs. Taylor said she had dropped her glove a short distance up the road. General Denhardt declared, and walked back to look for it. Soon afterward he had heard two shots. Mrs. Taylor's body was later found in a ditch beside the road, his revolver beside her. He did not know she had taken his revolver from a pocket of the car, he said, though she had spoken of suicide because her relatives opposed her marriage.

Since it was admittedly the General's own gun, his fingerprints on it would have had little significance. He said, however, that he had not used any fire-arms for weeks. To test this statement it was decided to use the paraffin method, to which he submitted voluntarily.

His right hand was placed palm down on a flat surface. Then all over the upper side of the hand was poured a thin layer of paraffin, at a temperature between 115 and 130 degrees Fahrenheit, not quite hot enough to be painful or cause injury to the skin. This is just the same, waxy stuff the housewife uses to seal jelly glasses, except for one thing, it is chemically pure, which hers is not or it would cost more than the jelly is worth. As soon as the first coat has hardened, another somewhat thicker is added, followed by several more, until finally a cast is built up half an inch or more thick.

Before the last layer is applied, a strip of gauze or other thin fabric is added, merely as a reinforcement to prevent breaking during the removal. Unlike other casts taken in criminal detection, nobody cares that the paraffin happens to make a fairly good mold from which a cast might be made of the top of the suspect's hand. What the investigator is after is chemical evidence of nitrates. Nitrates are the valuable substance the farmer puts into the soil to grow crops to keep the human race alive. Since the introduction of "smokeless powder," it is also the stuff the munitions manufacturer has been putting into cartridges for killing people.

When a gun is fired the nitrates, in the form of gases, blast their way out of the muzzle behind the bullet, but not quite all. some sneak out unnoticed through any leak there may be. Especially is this true of the revolver where the cartridge is fired in a chamber of a revolving cylinder, just behind the barrel. But no matter how well the revolver is made, there must always be a tiny space between chamber and barrel, through which some gases escape.

Unseen and unfelt, these bathe the back of the hand, the fingers and knuckles most of all. The man later suspected of firing the revolver has meanwhile gone home, washed his hands several times and exposed them to the air perhaps for several days. By the time the test is made no traces of nitrates would remain on the outside of the skin but inside the openings of the sweat glands there still would be some. But even if the investigator could see into the pore of the sweat gland the nitrates would elude him unless he applied sulphuric acid in such strength that it would destroy the suspect's skin, evidence and all.

In the paraffin test, the heat makes the sweat glands work vigorously, pouring out sweat in such volumes that it is bound to bring with it traces of whatever nitrates may be lurking within those tiny pipes. When the paraffin has hardened, it is loosened at the edges with the blade of a knife and easily pulled off. Nothing of importance, however, is visible to the naked eye or the most powerful microscope inside that cast.

The cast is now placed in an "indicating solution," composed largely of that same sulphuric acid which cannot be put on the skin. Like a film developed in a dark room, it may turn out to be a blank but if any of the glands have sweated out traces of nitrates onto the paraffin, there the investigator will see spots, some of them no bigger than the point of a pin, staring up at him like little, bright blue eyes.

This is what the prosecution says happened when they made a paraffin cast of General Denhardt's pistol hand. But it is not absolutely conclusive. By itself it does not prove that he fired the fatal shot or even that he fired that particular weapon. At most it indicates that he fired a revolver within not more than five days of the time the test was made, and including the night on which Mrs. Taylor was killed.

Nor is it conclusive proof of even that. Nitrates can get on and into the skin in a few other ways, from certain kinds of cigarettes which are impregnated with nitrates to make them burn better. They may also get there from handling without actually shooting, certain breech-loading shotguns and from using certain insect sprays. However, when they do get there in such innocent manners they usually are found all over the hand, not concentrated on what is known as the "trigger area."

To convict General Denhardt or anyone else of a crime, the paraffin test must be reinforced by strong corroboration. Curiously enough, the same test applied to the hands of the dead woman, carried much more weight because it showed no blue spots at all.

This is formidable evidence that the aristocratic widow did not fire the revolver that killed her nor any other within five days of her death. This is no proof that General Denhardt fired the fatal shot, but it deals a damaging blow to any theory that she could have committed suicide. She had no time to wash her hands nor use any substance that would neutralize the nitrate.

Had the gun been an automatic pistol, instead of a revolver, this particular test would probably have been of little value because automatics do not leak gas in that same way, but other tests would have come into play.

The most promising prospect in science's war with crime is the steadily increasing number of such pitfalls that the criminal must get around. By taking sufficient thought in advance he can usually avoid any scientific trap which happens to worry him most, but, in so doing, he usually leaves himself open to one of the others. Only by the greatest of good luck can he hope to avoid them all.

As in international wars, for every offensive weapon of science against crime there promptly appears a good shield—but with one important difference. The future criminal will need not only to be considerable of a scientist but really ought to go to the scene of the crime with a portable laboratory full of the latest protective gadgets in the form of a trailer behind his car, which can hardly be done. As a matter of fact, scientific detectives believe that every act of everyone's lives is written down in many ways besides the "diary of the dust." Science is only beginning to decipher the hieroglyphics of these records.

When a child toddles out of the kitchen with a smear of jam around its mouth the mother sees circumstantial evidence of cupboard larceny. Next time he remembers and wipes it off but the evidence still remains on his handkerchief or the kitchen towel, in case Mama cares to look. Mama would be surprised to know that she may be in much the same situation. At the supper table, when she tells her husband where she has been and what she was doing all day, the truth or falsity of her tale is written all over her. Everyone knows that blood spots on a murderer's clothes cry out against him but so do hundreds of other things.

Few people realize that in the dust within their clothes is a fairly complete record of where they have worn them since the last time they were dry-cleaned. Their shoes are covered with "foot notes" of where they have stepped since the last time the bootblack went to work on them. Cleaners and polishers may not wash away sins but they do destroy considerable evidence of them. Under the fingernails are records of several weeks; others in the hair and contained in the "wax" inside the ear are tell-tale souvenirs of where he or she has been for as long as a year ago.

Dust is the universal trap laid down constantly all over the earth, in which Nature forces all dry-land creatures constantly to record their movements and dust-printing is about the most delicate job of all. A draft from a window, a passing skirt or coat tail, even the intrusion of a heavy insect such as a June bug, may ruin it.

The first step is to place some sort of screen around the print, the best is to give it the fixative which is done in the form of a misty spray allowed to settle down from the air above. When several layers of this have had time to dry, thin coats of liquid moulage are applied.

Finally the whole thing is lifted up and, on the underside is found not only a mold of the foot, hand or other print, but the dust particles themselves which often give a long and important account of what has gone before.

General Denhardt was placed under arrest on the charge of having killed Mrs. Taylor, and will shortly be put on trial.

The paraffin test is a late outgrowth of the broad and delicate science of moulage, the making of casts or molds, sometimes requiring a speed and delicacy almost beyond belief. A crime is discovered after dawn and the only promising clue may be a few footprints across a strip of thin snow hardly thicker than hoarfrost and which will surely vanish as soon as the sun gets at it.

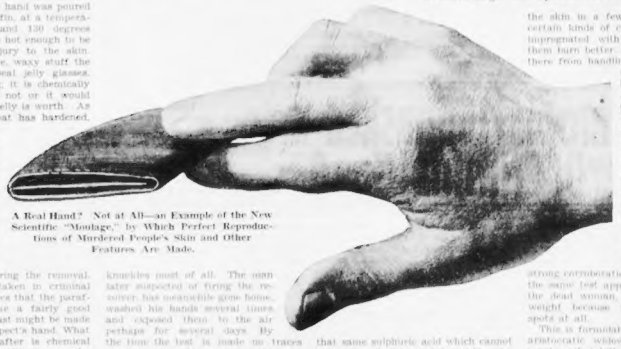
The detective telephones for the moulage experts to hurry and until they arrive, he protects the prints as best he can, perhaps with his own shadow. For pouring into such footprints, ordinary furniture glue is about as good as anything. It can be applied cool enough not to melt the snow and yet the extra chill soon hardens it.

A burglar who had finished his job but paused to eat a tempting apple was interrupted just as his teeth sank into it. Dropping the apple on the floor he fled. Another who had robbed a grocery store bit one large hunk out of a wedge of fresh cheese when the owner of the store walked in and was shot to death. It was months later before the police got hands on the right suspects and by that time the cheese and the apple had dried and shriveled so the tooth marks meant nothing as evidence, but they had moulage casts made while the marks were fresh and these pinned the crimes on the right men.

There is an almost infinite variety of materials used in moulage work, according to the stuff to be worked on. It is not feasible to bring the decomposed body of the murdered person into court at the trial, many months after the crime, but if it is possible to produce a cast, showing wounds and everything colored exactly as they were, and that will last for centuries.

In Europe it is generally believed that the almost miraculously embalmed body of Lenin, in Russia, is not a body at all but a well-finished cast of it, a job that any good moulage man could do easily enough.

Often bodies are found so mutilated or decomposed that relatives do not recognize them from photographs or even from looking at them directly. In such cases an anatomist and sculptor, collaborating with the moulage specialist, are able to reconstruct a face as it was before decomposition and mutilation did their work, resulting in quick and positive identification.



A Real Hand? Not at All—an Example of the New Scientific "Moulage," by Which Perfect Reproductions of Murdered People's Skin and Other Features Are Made.

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Difficulty Of Living Within 30,000 Laws

THERE are some 30,000 laws which the peaceful citizen in this country is likely to break unintentionally during his usual daily routine. And even if he is exceptionally careful he will probably violate enough of them during the course of one day to be liable to several thousand dollars in fines and perhaps as much as two years in jail sentences. So says Mr. Richard Carran, city attorney of Ludlow, Kentucky, who thinks it is remarkable that anybody manages to keep out of jail.

Just to show how difficult it is to be law-abiding, Mr. Carran has imagined one day in the life of the mythical Mr. John Doe, an average and thoroughly honest citizen. To begin with, one of Mr. Doe's chickens flew over the fence into a neighbor's yard, and he was fined $2 for that. A few minutes later he took pity on a stray dog, and letting it into his yard to feed it, he was fined $100 for "harboring an unlicensed animal!"

Furthermore, it just happened that the deadline for taking out licenses for dogs had passed, and having neglected to get a tag for his own dog, Mr. Doe was fined an additional $100. As he started to work in his automobile, he accidentally backed the car across the sidewalk, and that cost him $5. Then his car backfired, and he was fined $10 for making an unnecessary noise.

This was the day everyone was supposed to have new automobile license plates, but Mr. Doe had forgotten about it. So he was fined $100 for driving with out-of-date plates and $5 for not having new city tags. A bit spoody as a result of all of this, while driving away from court he overlooked a stop sign. That cost him $5. Then he swerved left of center while passing another car and also failed to signal before turning a corner. Fines, $200.

But his troubles for the day were only starting. In the lobby of the building where Mr. Doe works, a federal agent saw him open a package of cigarettes without breaking the revenue stamp. Getting the maximum penalty in this case, he was fined $50 and sentenced to six months in jail.

Then, an employe of a tobacco warehouse dropped around to his office with a twist of chewing tobacco Mr.

The Mythical Mr. Doe Wound Up in Prison for Buying a Harmless Book, After He Had Run Afoul of the Law a Dozen Times in a Normal Working Day.

Doe had requested for a friend. It was all right for the warehouse employe to give away this tobacco, but Mr. Doe made the mistake of tipping him $1. That resulted in a $50 fine for buying tobacco that had not been stamped, and another six months in jail.

It began to rain, and somebody paid Mr. Doe 25 cents for an old umbrella that had been left in his office for a former employe. Under the law, this was "disposing of property, title to which is vested in another," and it cost him a $500 fine. At lunch he bet somebody a five-cent cigar on the outcome of a prizefight, and was fined $100 for gambling.

Somewhat unnerved by his series of misfortunes, Mr. Doe felt in need of relaxation. So he went to a book store and bought a volume about celebrated criminals—doubtless hoping to convince himself that he was not as bad as his recent experiences made him appear. But on the way back to his office a member of the "morals squad" caught sight of the title of the book, and the unlucky Mr. Doe was fined $1,000 and sentenced to one year in prison under a Kentucky statute which prohibits "the possession of any book or pamphlet principally made up of police reports or accounts of criminal lawyers."

While some of the laws "innocently" violated by the mythical Mr. Doe are mere or less peculiar to Kentucky, Mr. Carran points out that most States have other statutes that seem to be just as unreasonable.

He cited, for instance, a Tennessee law which says, "It shall be unlawful for the keeper or owner of cattle, horses, sheep, mules or hogs to run at large." And another law in Kansas which provides that "when two railroad trains meet at an intersection, each must come to a full stop and neither proceed until the other is a mile away." Then there was the amusing error of the New Jersey Legislature, which adopted a measure requiring Legislators to be elected bi-annually, or twice a year, when it meant bi-ennially, or once every two years.

"Firmly fixed in the minds of the American people is a belief that the way to cure any evil is by passing a law," Mr. Curran said. "On top of this, there is a horde of lobbyists continually at work, on behalf of special interests. The result is a mass of half-baked legislation."

He has just completed a survey of the laws that are now in force throughout the country, and he says there are already 10,000,000 laws and ordinances on the statute books of the Federal Government, the various States and different municipalities. These are being increased at the rate of 200,000 a year.

"This wholesale manufacture of laws creates disrespect for laws in general," Mr. Carran said. "It is largely responsible for the lawlessness that is prevalent in this country. It is easy to understand why a real criminal scoffs at law, when he sees good citizens being punished for breaking laws, even though they had no intention of doing anything wrong."

He points out that there is a curious inconsistency in the laws of his own State. Various minor offenses, for instance, are punishable by heavy fines and jail sentences. But there is no law against bigamy in Kentucky. A citizen of that State can marry as many times as he wants to, provided he crosses the State line into some other commonwealth for each ceremony after the first one.

Science Tracing Man's Earliest Notions About The Soul

MOST people think of cavemen as wild-eyed savages who ate raw meat and dragged their women around by the hair of the head. This picture is probably partly true but few people realize that all modern religious beliefs had their origins in the dark caves of these primitive men.

It was the caveman who was the first to discover that he had a "soul." He started the belief that after death the soul left the body and went to some divine place where it stayed forever. He began to worship the divine beings who, he supposed, lived in that place.

According to Professor G. H. Luquet, the French scientist, in his book "L'Art et La Religion des Hommes Fossiles," some philosophers define a soul as man's yearning after something higher and better than himself. Religious people believe it to be the divine spark of faith and hope in a future life. Artists sometimes call it the striving to create something new and fine.

But where did the man of today get his "soul" and when did it originate? Recently students of human history have begun to believe that they can find the answer.

The earliest race of men that science has discovered lived in China about a million years ago. They knew about fire and lived together in a sort of tribe probably as a protection against the wild animals that roamed the earth. This tribe, it is known, did not bury their dead nor did they leave any kind of art work which would indicate a belief in future life.

If a Man Saluted the Sun Every Morning, It Was Customary for His Son to Do the Same Thing, and in This Way a Sort of Religion Was Built Around Solar Beneficence.

Thousands of years later there existed in Europe another race which buried their dead and were the originators of family life. The men cared for their wives and children. These people, known as Neanderthal men, because their remains were found in caves in the Neanderthal Valley in Prussia, lived about 50,000 years ago.

The fact that they buried their dead indicates they had some belief in future life, according to Professor Luquet. They felt, perhaps, that some supernatural force took these live people away from their families. They grew in time to respect this force, whatever it might be.

The next step in the growth of caveman's religious notions took place about 35,000 years ago, when men began to paint and carve on the walls of their caves, an art which would agree with the artists' definition of the soul. These primitive artists were the Cro-Magnons, a mysterious race of big headed, big brained people who apparently were later wiped out by their low-browed barbarian enemies.

Even today in a cave near Cap-Blanc, France, there may be seen some marvelously sculptured horses. At Dordogne, in France, there are two sculptured figures of a man and woman dating from this same Cro-Magnon period. The faces of the couple are masked to look like animals. From this curious fact it may be gathered that the two were magicians or early priests of some sort. They doubtless led the ceremonies in worship of some local deity. The deity may have been the horse or the buffalo or some other strong animal which the natives feared. They thought that by making offerings of food and other things they could win the favor of the god and thereby gain happiness.

At this time, too, they began to bury food and other supplies with their dead so that the departed loved ones would not go hungry. This proved again that they believed in a life beyond this life.

When the tribes moved from place to place they forgot perhaps the resting-place of many of the bodies. So when a powerful leader in the tribe died they marked his burial-place with stones to distinguish his grave from the others. In this way the burial-places grew more and more elaborate until in ancient Egypt the Kings built for themselves enormous Pyramids.

These early people were probably puzzled by the sun and the moon, Professor Luquet says. They were afraid of the dark just as many children are. It was natural for them to offer prayers to the sun so that it wouldn't stop shining. They erected stones and altars on flat plains where the sunlight was sure to fall. There are such places of worship still in existence today at Carnac in Brittany and at Stonehenge, England.

Many times these stones were carved in the image of a local chief or deity. On Easter Island in the Pacific Ocean there are many curious carved heads which cannot be traced to any tribe or people. How they got there is not known, but they undoubtedly had a religious significance.

Many times these people migrated to other lands in the search of better hunting or fishing, or sometimes because they were molested by other tribes. They took with them their tools, their cooking utensils and their weapons. Soon every man grew to know his own possessions. But in order not to have any confusion about the ownership, he made a mark on his belongings that would distinguish them from the others. After a time the owner became known by the mark he had made. In this way names originated.

With names grew families and family traditions. With tradition grew the observance of certain customs. For instance, if a man's father saluted the sun every morning it was natural for the son to do the same thing.

If a man were beaten by a strong fighter the defeated one was pinned to the ground as a sign of his helplessness and surrender. So when a person wanted to recognize the power of the sun to make plants grow he would kneel in the earth before the sun. In this way devotion and prayer started.

It was natural for timid men to gather where the strong men were for protection. Then, too, there were many things which one man could not do alone but which many could. One man could not handle a large net for fishing, while two or three could. They could get more fish with a large net than with a small one, so communities grew up and in time these gave place to cities. In these cities work could be specialized.

Some men seemed to have more power with the deity. Their prayers for special favors seemed answered more readily than most people's. In this way a priest class grew up. The priests, to remain favorites with the gods as well as the people, invented new rituals in the hope of gaining new favors.

The people demanded, for instance, that the priests forecast whether next season's crops would be good or bad. New gods were invented for everything—for crops, for love, for the dead, for the family, and for the other vital factors of life. Finally the people began to be known by the gods they worshiped. In this way religion as a system of thought and action sprang up.

Perhaps no one will ever know what these men and women of thousands of years ago thought or felt or hoped. But, as Professor Luquet points out, their hopes and fears cannot be so different from those which stir men today.

Philanthropist Unmasked As Leader Of Criminal Gang

THE good people of the French city of Nancy were shocked the other day when they learned that their genial neighbor, the brilliant 60-year-old lawyer, Maurice Andre, was the head of a notorious gang of burglars, forgers and blackmailers. For 28 years he had been masking his criminal activities by his generous contributions to charity. And all that time, the wealthy and prominent residents of the community had been entertaining him in their homes, never once suspecting that his evil mind was storing up information to be used to rob them.

M. Andre had what is known as the "gift of gab." It was this that started him on his career—and it was also the thing that finally brought his downfall. After fooling the police for more than a quarter of a century, and building up a reputation for being a fine lawyer and a splendid citizen, he could not resist the temptation to brag.

One night on a party he met an attractive young woman, who obviously him considerably by failing to respond to his charm as readily as most women did. Unaccustomed to such indifference, he drank more than was good for him. And presently he tried to impress her by telling her he was a power in the underworld. That impressed her, all right—but not in the way he expected. The next day she went to the police.

M. Andre was always a brilliant talker. It was because of this that he studied law, and soon after he began to practice he won quite a reputation as a defender of accused criminals. Most of the respectable persons in the city thought it was too bad that such an agreeable young man should accept clients of this kind, and for some time his position in society was dubious.

But he was ambitious, and he was also smart enough to realize one of the easiest ways to "get into society" is by donating large sums to charity. He earned quite a bit from his practice—but this was not enough. If he was going to attract attention as a philanthropist, he must have a lot of money. He must get rich quickly.

One thing that impressed him about the criminals that came to him with their cases was that their crimes were seldom properly planned. If they had had legal advice in advance, they would have been much less likely to get caught. He pointed this out to them, and they promptly agreed with him.

So he began to confer with them before they committed their crimes, and before long he was the leader of one of the worst bands of criminals ever organized in that part of the country. Then he set himself up as a public-spirited citizen. He stopped defending notorious criminals, made quite a show of building up a "reputable" practice.

He began to be invited to the best homes in the district, and everywhere he went he was on the alert for opportunities to plunder. He was such a likeable fellow no one suspected him, and thus he learned where wealthy people kept their jewelry and other valuable possessions. He was such a sympathetic listener, too, that many persons made the fatal error of confiding to him their innermost secrets. These he would use in his blackmail schemes. But whatever the crime he planned, whether it be blackmail, burglary, or forgery, he always remained in the background, letting the members of his gang do the work.

Acting on the "tip" they received from the young woman who refused to be taken in by M. Andre's bragging, the police made a quiet investigation. They say that he and his band of ruffians had been spreading a wide trail of terror, ruin and death, and that the operations of the gang were on such a vast scale that it is impossible to estimate the total value of the loot.

M. Andre has been sentenced to spend the rest of his life in the French penal colony at Devil's Island—the oldest person ever to be sent there.

Jail At The End Of His Long Joy Ride

WALTER ASHWORTH was pretty much disgusted with life. Here he was. Handsome, clever and 26 years old. Why should he waste his time as a poorly paid garage mechanic when other people could ride around and enjoy themselves in the luxurious cars which he repaired to earn his living?

He told himself that he wasn't cut out to be a mechanic, in spite of the fact that he knew just about everything about automobiles. But times were hard and what could a fellow do?

Secretly, Walter wanted a reckless life of adventure. In his imagination he pictured himself as a knight in armor saving some fair lady in distress or a swashbuckling pirate, roaming the seven seas in search of gold.

But there wasn't much romance in the sleepy little village of Deganwy, Wales, where Ashworth had his shop.

As he closed up the garage one night, he scowled as he looked down the main street of the town. Not a sign of life, except here and there a ribbon of smoke curling out of the chimneys of the old houses.

That night on his way home to his boarding house Walter began to think. The owner of a car said that he wouldn't call for it until the following day. Here was a great chance to get out of the musty old town and find a job in some larger place.

When Walter reached the house, his landlady was waiting for him. She told him she had just received some money from the sale of some property and would he please count it over and see if the amount were correct. It was all the money she had in the world and as her eyesight was failing she wanted to be sure that no mistake had been made.

Walter counted the bills. The whole amounted to about $1,000. His landlady then locked the money in a drawer of a desk.

While she was getting supper in another part of the house Walter broke the desk open and took the money. He returned to the garage, made a few last minute changes on the car, and drove away. Soon he was speeding along the road with Bath, a fashionable seaside resort, as his

Warned by the Radio, a Police Car Overtook the Joy Rider, Who Lost the Race Because the Gas Had Run Out. He Was Arrested and Taken to Court.

first stop. He knew that his theft of the car would not be discovered for at least twenty-four hours.

He stopped that night at the best hotel in Bath. The next morning he ate a hearty breakfast and bought an expensive suit of clothes. Then he sped on again.

He came to another large town. Parked in a side street was a rakish sport car, its engine running. There was no one about, the auto was hidden from a nearby house by a high hedge. Walter got out of his car and calmly drove away in the other.

At first he stole the cars only to get to the large towns to look for work. But he soon found that work was unobtainable for strangers, so he decided to forget his employment worries and make a tour of England. After the first few weeks he began to have confidence in himself. In a few months he had stolen cars from dozens of towns and villages in England and Wales. He began to be known as England's "Joy-Ride Terror."

Whenever he grew tired of one particular model of auto he stole another. The cars were always found in excellent condition, sometimes better than the owners had left them. Ashworth felt that the least he owed his victims was that the car was left in good working order. The more cars he sampled the more expensive his tastes grew. He had almost a collector's anxiety about acquiring the less common varieties of the species. He would search diligently until he found a car whose color, lines and engine pleased him.

Time after time again, police patrols were on his trail. They would often find the stolen car with its engine still warm in a garage or parking-space, where Walter had left it a few minutes before. Then the police would settle down to an all-night wait for the thief to come and claim his "property." They had a long wait. It took them some time to realize that Ashworth had merely changed models and was already hundreds of miles away.

But in London he made his fatal mistake. He saw the owner of a handsome car go into a restaurant.

"Ah," thought Walter, "he won't be out again for an hour at least."

But he hadn't counted on the restaurant being crowded. The owner was out again inside of two minutes. He notified a police station, giving a minute description of his car.

A radio call was broadcast. "Be on the lookout for a green sports touring car, stolen from Market Square. Driver believed to be heading south."

A police car, idling along Edgeware Road, heard the call. A moment later a green sports car zoomed by. For two miles Walter led the officers a grim chase, but he hadn't counted on the fact that the car ate up more gasoline than the gauge showed. As his car slowed down the police nabbed him.

He was arrested and taken to court, but the true number of cars which he stole could not even be guessed at. The police could only identify him with the theft of twenty.

Walter learned that crime doesn't pay when the judge of the London Sessions Court sentenced him to 21 months' imprisonment at hard labor. The labor will take the form of mending roadways over many of which the "Joy-Ride Terror" drove so nonchalantly.

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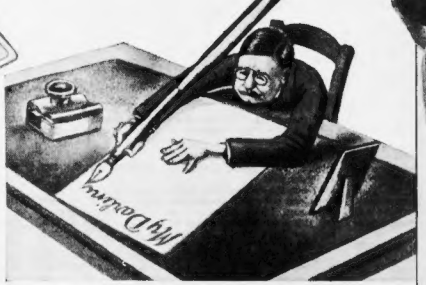
How Love Brings Out the Craziness in People

Science Explains Why "Suppressed Desire" Stirs Otherwise Normal Men and Women to Actions Worthy of an Insane Asylum Patient Which Puzzle Their Friends to Account For

Sarah Bernhardt, Lying in the Coffin She Used for a Bed. She Said She Could Not Sleep Anywhere Else Because of "Nerves," but Science Now Knows Such Queer Behavior Is Usually Caused by Love-Hunger.



Girod's Amusing Cartoon of a Man Writing Such a Silly Love Letter It Sounds as if a Jackass Had Guided His Pen.

Pygmalion, an Ancient Cyprian Sculptor, Carved a Statue of Galatea and Then Fell in Love With It. The Object of Such Misdirected Devotion Is Called a "Fetish," and Modern Specialists in Mental Diseases Can Tell Many Stories Equally as Strange.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N.Y.

THE poet said that love is blind. But the comedian was nearer the truth when he said "Love is not only blind—it is deaf, dumb, and insane."

Consulting psychologists in the United States, medical psychologists in England, and psychoanalysts in Europe have in recent years studied, and helped, many persons who are otherwise normal human beings but in whom love-hunger brings to the surface some of the most unusual conduct imaginable.

Not long ago a fire broke out in a hospital in Brooklyn, New York, and when the authorities investigated they found it had been started by Ernest Rhodes, the janitor, who was hired to protect the building—not burn it down. When asked why he did such a thing he said it was for love. Hopelessly "smitten" by a woman patient, he started the fire so he could prove his devotion by rescuing her from the flames. What happened to the other patients didn't seem to concern him at all.

Dr. H. W. Frink recently told of another strange case. An attractive woman patient came to his office several times, dressed in widow's weeds. But he thought nothing of it, supposing that she was a widow. Imagine his surprise when he found that her husband was still living, and that none of her relatives had died. He asked her why she always wore black.

"Oh," she said, "I have been wearing it almost exclusively the last few years. It is such a durable color."

But the experienced physician thought it might be worth investigating why a comely, young woman would dress in mourning for several years. He soon found that she favored black because she was dissatisfied with her husband, who was a prosaic little fellow. Her hundrum husband, according to Dr. Frink's report, had failed to give her the attention she wanted to get, yet her conscience prevented her from looking elsewhere for attentions to satisfy her love-hunger.

"Her dressing in black," the physician reports, "was a symbolic expression of her wish to be a widow and receive attention as if still, and on the other hand of penitential impulses for her guilty feeling that it was her inordinate fondness for clothes and admiration that made her unhappy with her husband."

A Baltimore physician a short time ago ran across a strange twist which love-hunger had taken in a woman who was apparently happily married for the past fifteen years. Her husband was a bank clerk, of somewhat frail health.

But his wife suddenly thought she had developed heart trouble, and would awaken in the middle of the night gasping for air and saying she was "smothering." Her husband would have to get up, give her some pills and fill a hot water bottle for her. She always felt better if he held her in his arms, and some nights he would sit up for hours holding her; she would go to sleep, but he would be afraid to let go of her lest it waken her and she have another attack.

Then her "heart attacks" began to come on more frequently, until soon she was keeping her husband awake from midnight until dawn most every night. Naturally the husband's already frail health suffered. He was getting only two or three hours sleep a night, and made many mistakes in his work at the bank, lost weight, and was on the verge of a physical breakdown.

Some detective work by a physician not only showed that the wife was without the least heart trouble, but that she was also sleeping most of the day. She was deliberately sleeping during the day so she would be rested at night and keep her husband from getting sleep by her imaginary heart attacks. And the gruesome aspect of the whole situation was the discovery that in the back of her head was the notion that this way she could bring about the death of her already frail husband and then be free to marry a more vigorous man who worked for the railroad company.

For a real shudder at the queer twists love will take, however, I will recall the instance of the successful undertaker in New York who was keen in his entertainment of chorus girls and night club entertainers. He would take a group of these fun lovers to his apartment, see that everybody had a few drinks, and then excuse himself for a few moments. Shortly his Japanese valet would lead the hilarious chorus girls into a room draped in black velvet.

There, under a dim light in the center of the room would be an opened casket, and lying in the casket would be the host, his face covered with white paint, his arms folded on his chest. For thrill came from the screams of the girls. And the one who fainted, or who was hardest to revive from her swoon, was his favorite until he tired of her.

Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress who died a few years ago had a similar "complex." She slept in a coffin, with flower wreaths around her and burning candles at the head. She said this was because her "nerves" would not let her sleep in an ordinary bed. But it seems more likely that this odd conduct was caused by a restless, discontented emotional life.

In England Dr. H. D. Jennings White recently reported the instance of a young woman who was bothered by intense fits of the blues. She had been in love many times, but as soon as the young man showed that he, too, was deeply interested she would suddenly drop him like a hot coal.

Dr. Jennings White discovered the reason for this unusual behavior in her childhood. She was the oldest girl in a rather large family, and had to take care of the younger children. Her mother was too busy, and too attached to the youngest child, to give this strange young woman the attention and affection she craved. So she developed the habit, when her mother was around, of appearing to be very affectionate with her smaller brothers and sisters, but as soon as her mother's back was turned she would pinch or bite the younger children until they screamed.

Now that she was a grown woman she could not get out of the habit started as a girl. She was treating her suitors as she had the babies. She would encourage them and appear to be affectionate, and then suddenly be as cruel to them as decency allowed.

"Let out in a few words," her physician reported, "this woman's conduct seems fatuous, for it got her nowhere; yet her health had been undermined, her happiness destroyed by this mix-up of present reality with childish memories. Never before had she seen that she was treating men like babies. She cleared her mind of the crazy notion that she must drop anyone who invited her affection, and the last I heard of her was that she was expecting to become engaged."

Queer as the things some people do when they are in love, or afraid they are falling in love, are things some other people fall in love over.

Consider, for example, Henry VIII. At the feast celebrating the betrothal of the King of Navarre and Margaret of Valois, Henry picked up the perspiration-soaked handkerchief of Maria of Cleves. This handkerchief fascinated him and he fell violently in love with Maria, although she was already married to the Prince of Conde. His erratic love for her, all caused by her handkerchief, made life most miserable for her, and Henry made many annoying spectacles out of himself in chasing her.

There are to this day many men for whom a woman's handkerchief has almost mystical powers of arousing the poor unfortunate's love-hunger. These men will sometimes steal women's handkerchiefs from the department stores, but they usually prefer surreptitiously to pick up a used handkerchief from the women beside whom they are sitting on subway or bus.

A classic example of misdirected love instinct is the old Greek legend of Pygmalion, an ancient Cyprian king, who carved a statue he called Galatea and then fell in love with it. Modern psychologists call this "fetish worship," and point to various examples of men whose suppressed desires cause them to become infatuated with inanimate objects, such as women's gloves or handkerchiefs.

Kleptomania is almost always based upon some queer love token which the unfortunate person who cannot control his impulses is seeking. Dr. Wilhelm Steckel reports from Vienna the instance of an artist of high social standing who one evening visited at the home of a man of whose wife the artist was particularly fond. As the artist was leaving he saw a sea shell in the hallway. Impulsively he grabbed the shell and hurried to his home with it, where he gazed at it lovingly for hours.

"Buyer's mania" is another bizarre form in which love-hunger expresses itself in some people. Usually those are women. Mrs. X was such a person. She married when she was 20, and after three years of apparently happy married life was seized with an irresistible buying mania. Everything she saw she bought, without thought of whether it could be afforded, or whether it was needed.

Her purchases assumed such proportions that her fairly well-to-do and generous husband reproached her about it. But this did not help—far from it.

She spent but little for her clothes, but squandered a great deal on books. She would scour the second-hand book stores for copies of rare old books and had expensive bindings put on them.

Commenting on her buying mania, Dr. Steckel said:

"It is traceable to the desire for change, to her yearning after other men. She goes to the love mart, so to speak, and buys other men for herself. She is not really after love. She is entticed merely by the adventures of love. She would like to choose a sweetheart, and if he should not suit her, or if he should leave her, very well, she would find another. Her yearning for superficial adventures shows itself in the purchase of worthless articles."

Some of these quirks have been discovered to be definitely the consequence of too strict upbringing, or of punishments in childhood. One of Dr. White's cases gives an interesting illustration of this. A young man came to him complaining of a complete loss of energy and inability to work. The man, who was otherwise healthy, was always tired out. In talking with him Dr. White found that the man's chief recreation was to ride on the London subway and watch the legs of the women sitting opposite him.

If he started the morning without seeing a shapely pair of legs his day was ruined and he would be in a bad humor the rest of the day. Otherwise he was a model young man without a vice in the world.

As the analysis advanced it was discovered that he had been brought up very strictly, and had as a small boy been severely thrashed for one day looking under the edge of a dressing tent used by women at the seashore.

After the practitioner of psychological medicine had explained the cause of this kink to the young man, and how foolish he was to take perfectly normal conduct so seriously, he promptly straightened out, lost his fatigue and his consuming interest in legs, and threw himself into his work with such zest that he made a considerable mark for himself.

Ernest Rhodes, the Janitor in a Hospital in Brooklyn, New York, Who Set Fire to the Building Because He Fell in Love With a Patient and Wanted to Show His Devotion by Rescuing Her From the Flames.

A Young College Girl From a Wealthy Family Who Stole Jewelry From Her Classmates, and Didn't Know Why She Did It. But Science Knows That This Kind of Stealing, Called Kleptomania, Is Usually Caused by a Repressed Yearning for Love.

Psychologists Say That Women Who Continually Shop for Things They Do Not Need May Be Subconsciously Wishing They Could Get New Sweethearts in This Same Easy Manner.

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Mystery of the Burned Body in the Abandoned Farm House

Strange Murder of a Young Woman Reconstructed from the Telltale Charred Remains and Jewelry Recently Found in a Deserted Kansas Building Set Ablaze in the Night

Charred Remains of the Murder Victim Carefully Gathered Up From the Ashes of the Burned Farm House and Photographed in the Undertaker's Rooms.

Woman's Spectacles Which the Police Hope Will Turn Out to Be a Clue to the Identification of the Victim. Both of the Lenses and One of the Bows Were Found Outside of the Farm House, and the Other Bow Was Found, With the Remains of the Body, Inside the House. From This the Police Deduced That the Woman Tried to Get Away, Was Caught, a Struggle Ensued Outside the Door, and She Was Dragged Back Into the House and Killed.

The Two Hammer Heads Found Among the Ashes. One May Have Been the Murder Weapon and One May Have Been an Old Hammer Head Left in the Deserted Building. The Machinist's Hammer Is the Kind Often Found in Automobile Tool Equipment and Is Regarded as the More Likely to Have Been the Murder Weapon.

WHO was the delicately-built woman wearing eyeglasses who ran out of the deserted farm house screaming for help only to be dragged back among cobwebs after being silenced forever by brutal hammer blows? Whose match turned the dry wooden shack into a funeral pyre that destroyed almost every clue but not the fact of the murder?

Late Sunday motorists, speeding home on the night of September 15 along highway No. 57, in the southeastern tip of Kansas, saw the glare of the flaming house. They slowed down and watched, each remembering their own homes and families stepped on the gas again.

Had these motorists investigated the fire, they might have been able to carry the body of a murdered young woman out of that farm house, and today the murderer might be behind bars, awaiting a noose provided by the State Legislature two years ago when Kansas adopted capital punishment. Instead, smoldering ruins of the unoccupied home yielded only the ghosts of clues the next day. There were the charred remains of a woman's body, some half-melted jewelry and what may have been the murder weapons, but little more.

It may go on record as "the perfect crime" for the slayer who cremated his victim did such a thorough job that after months of search neither one has been identified. The case has been recorded as one of the Middle West's most baffling murder mysteries.

Without identification of the body, the motives for the slaying cannot be known. Lists of missing persons have been checked and scores of possible clues have been traced. But the questions remain: Who was the murdered woman? Who killed her? Why was she slain?

On this page appear a number of pictures never before published, showing all the evidence associated with the crime. The picture of the ashes of the shack burned to the ground proves how thoroughly the killer did his work, and how little the police had to begin with. But after a study of the position of the various objects found there, and the testimony of neighboring farmers, the crime was carefully reconstructed.

Several farmers living in the Greenbush vicinity, that night saw the flames of the burning house at a distance. But because the place was known to be vacant, and because the fire was making headway so rapidly that attempts to put it out would have been useless, nobody paid any particular attention. Only on the following morning did one of the more curious neighbors, named Paul Purdon, visit the still smoking ruins.

But he who looks in the ashes may find a thunderbolt, goes a saying. Purdon believed he saw part of a body in the embers. Excitedly he brought neighbors and peered out to them the blackened lump standing out among the ashes. The more adventurous of these examined it and soon learned the truth of Purdon's suspicions.

At once one of the farmers notified the sheriff, and an official investigation was under way. Sheriff Leon Delamaide and County Attorney E. V. Bruce, who made the investigation, said the head, the arms and the legs were burned away. Little of the trunk remained, and this was badly burned.

When the coroner first saw the body, the skull was in one piece, but as the corpse was moved, ashes of the head fell away. The seam at the top of the skull had parted, but this may have been due to the fire. There was no such doubt about a broken place, about an inch wide, over the left ear. A heavy blow caused it.

So completely had the fire done its job that two days of research were needed before Dr. C. B. Newman of Pittsburg, coroner of Crawford County, was definitely able to list the victim as having been a woman. By dissection, Dr. Newman found organs in the pelvis enough preserved to establish the sex.

The size and development of the bones indicated that the body was that of an adult person; but there was no indication as to age. There is, however, a tendency to believe, from other factors, that the victim was a young woman. She was not large-boned.

Deputy Sheriff Roy Messenger, one of the first officers to reach the scene, stumbled over the remains of an old typewriter near where the door of the house had been. He recalled looking over the abandoned house a few weeks earlier searching for a fugitive. At that time the old typewriter, which was the only object in the room, stood on a crude stand near a window of the building. Evidently the killer had leaned it against the flimsy door from the outside to keep the destructive heat of the fire inside.

Deputy County Attorney Humphreys With Some of the Victim's Belongings Spread Out Before Him.

After the cinders of the body were collected at the direction of Dr. Newman, farmers joined with sheriff's deputies in sifting all the other ashes in the hope of finding clues. The ashes gave up two pieces of partly melted jewelry and five artificial teeth. The false teeth came from a bridge which the woman had worn. Also near the body were two hammer heads, one of them from a machinist's hammer and one from a claw hammer, the latter probably an old discarded farm tool.

From the warm ashes investigators dug out parts of a watch, and these may yet identify the woman who wore it. It was a 15-jewel Swiss movement watch, costing between $25 and $40, although apparently it was not of a leading make. The wrist band was not a cheap one, but probably cost not more than $10, according to a jeweler who was asked to examine it. The only mark visible was on the back of the watch, it was a scratched repair mark reading "1-29-R." The watch seems to show the social position of its wearer was not poor.

A wedding ring of cheap quality was also found. The half-melted band of yellow gold was like the watch, taken to a jeweler, who said it was worth no more than $10 when new. It is of a modern design, indicating it had been placed on the victim's finger in recent years. This is one of the reasons why the woman is thought to have been young when she was murdered.

But most significant of all, the police believe, is a slender clue on which they have pinned their last hope. If the mystery is ever solved, they say, it will be through a pair of glasses worn by the victim.

The Deputy County Attorney Pointing to the Spot in the Ruins of the Farm House Where the Body Was Recovered.

The lenses and one of the bows of the spectacles were found outside the house, where apparently they had fallen when the young woman struggled to get away from her assailant. The other bow of the glasses was found inside the house, near the remains of the body. That hook must have been caught in her hair when the victim was dragged back to be burned. Possibly one of the blows that knocked her unconscious broke the glasses.

These glasses were octagon-shaped, with tinted, rimless lenses, ground to provide softer light for the wearer. Each lens was plus 1.25 sphere. All the fittings of the spectacles were of yellow gold.

Fresh automobile tracks were also found in the long unused driveway. A car had been driven into the yard, then backed away. But the few neighbors who thought they had seen it in the dark an hour before the fire could not agree on the car's make, color, or even whether it was a sedan or coupe.

As the investigation proceeded, officers pretty well agreed on one theory, which they declare to be perfectly possible and very probable, although they are ready to admit the idea may be wrong. The police theory is that the woman, for some reason, fled with a male companion from some place many miles from the murder scene.

That the victim came from some part of the nation far from Kansas seems a certainty, according to County Attorney Bruce. The reason for this belief is that the local possibilities have been pretty thoroughly exhausted. Considerable newspaper publicity followed the murder. Circulars were sent to hundreds of missing persons throughout the Middle West, and then to places further away. Broadcasts were repeatedly made, appealing to persons with missing relatives to check with the Crawford County authorities. To these appeals there was a good response, but most of the inquiries came from the Middle West. All failed to bring a solution.

Because of the wedding ring, the police conjecture that the woman might have been slain by her husband, to clear the way in his life for a newer romance. Again, she might have been a faithless wife who was betrayed and killed by her secret lover. Another supposition is that she was a hitch-hiker who was given a ride and killed by her supposed benefactor for a number of possible reasons.

At any rate, the slayer for some reason wished to be rid of his companion, and death seemed the only way out. Apparently the crime was planned out and not enacted on impulse. Inspector J. E. Smith of the arson squad of the Kansas Department of Inspection has expressed the opinion that the body might have been drenched with kerosene, then set afire.

"There is no way of telling whether or not this was the case," Inspector Smith told a coroner's jury called in the investigation, "but the remains of the body indicate it went through a very hot fire, and it must have been near the origin of the blaze." The inspector added he had seen a number of burned bodies, but none as thoroughly consumed as the one found in the farm house.

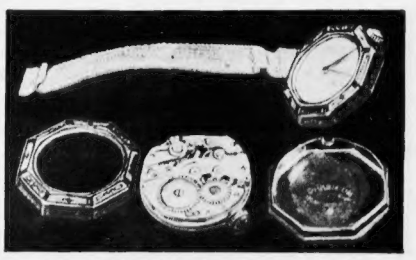
At some filling-station, it is believed, the killer bought kerosene or gasoline, perhaps under the ruse of needing it for the car. The couple, noticing the vacant house, prepared to spend the night there. Somehow the woman became suspicious and tried to run. That was when the blows were struck, probably with the machinist's hammer. Some cars have such hammers in their tool-kits, and some do not, so this may prove a clue. The body was carried into the house, soaked in the fuel and set afire.

Flames seared the woman's body and gnawed her ankles. There was fire in her hair, and swiftly her dress and underclothes burned and then fire wrapped round her in fantastic flounces. Her flaming form writhed as if she wanted to rise up to beat against the resisting door. But even when the wooden door and walls collapsed, the walls of flame remained to lock her in. Finally the last burning beam fell, and a burst of sparks rose as if in requiem.

Officers, at one time during the investigation, believed the case solved. Every item checked with the murder plot — except that the supposed victim turned out to be alive and happy. A young married woman had disappeared from her home in Missouri, less than 100 miles from the murder scene. Her size tallied with that established for the murder victim. She wore a wedding ring like the one recovered from the ashes. She, too, owned a watch; and like the fiend's victim she wore glasses.

Spurred on by these findings, the police inquired further. The glasses from the ashes were checked with the physician who ordered a pair for his Missouri patient. He identified the broken pair as being the ones he sold, and also suggested a motive for the supposed crime. His patient, he said, was about to become a mother and not accountable to her husband for her condition. Then, on the eve of announcing the identity of the woman, investigators found the "victim" living in a nearby city with her boy friend, quite contented.

The deserted farm house was well situated for a murder mystery. In this section of Kansas, unsolved murders were numerous years ago. In the little coal mining city of Chicopee, a few miles to the south, slayings were almost nightly occurrences. Figures compiled by one peace officer revealed 91 murders in a short time. Fifty of the slayings were never solved, although officers worked diligently on each case. These were mostly Black Hand murders among the foreign born residents who, afraid of the same fate, would offer no information. But in the last two decades the place has calmed down; there is scarcely one murder a year now.



Parts of the Wristwatch Found in the Ashes, Including Part of the Metal Wristband.

Five Artificial Teeth Which Probably Formed Part of a Plate or Bridge; the Gold Wedding Ring and Two Shirt Studs.

None of those unsolved murders, however, was as poignant as this. They were part of a reign of terror. But this is an isolated tragedy leaving behind it only mute objects — a watch, a wedding ring, a broken pair of spectacles. They seem almost to cry out for justice. The police hope that perhaps there is somebody who may hear this cry and to whom they will tell everything. The evidence may yet make an accusation as damning as any their owner would have if she could. Meanwhile, they remain part of the mystery of the deserted farm house.

The American Weekly, with its enormous circulation, has been able to solve some recent death mysteries which baffled the police. Perhaps some reader of this page can furnish a clue that will solve this one.

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Romantic Echo From a Remarkable Matrimonial Mix-up

Only One Still Left Unmarried Now of a Fashionable Society Foursome Whose Divorce Testimony Sounded Like One of the Once Popular Old Time "Bedroom Farces"

Mr. Sewell and Mrs. Sewell Amicably Talking It Over After the Curious Testimony Mr. Sewell Had Given About the "Wife-Swapping" Party.

Mr. Emerson, at the Divorce Trial, Testified That He Awakened on a Couch Beside Mrs. Sewell and That Mr. Sewell and Mrs. Emerson Had Thought It a Good Joke to Handcuff Them Together. Mr. Emerson Is Shown Pointing Out the Bungalow Arrangement of Rooms for Judge Lindsey.

Mrs. Emerson and the Baby Whose Crib, Occupied, Mr. Emerson Testified, Was Used as a Barricade of Her Bedroom Door.

MRS. LEAH CLAMPITT MITCHUSSON KELLY SEWELL, one of a gay foursome whose divorce testimony about swapping wives and husbands startled fashionable circles not so long ago, has just married her fourth husband, Charles Kaley, singer and orchestra leader, who does not believe his new wife was in on that deal nor that she behaved the way Mrs. Keaton, wife of Buster Keaton, the "dead-pan" comedian, said she had behaved with Buster.

Barton Sewell, multimillionaire California yachtsman, who was Leah's third husband at the time the wife-swapping suit was first-page news, calmly testified with Mrs. Walter Emerson, wife of the actor-writer, that they had changed around many times, while their legal mates were doing likewise. But the other pair, Emerson and Mrs. Sewell, denied that they had ever swapped. And Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the Los Angeles Court, although he deplored the conduct of Mrs. Sewell and Mr. Emerson, exonerated them from the swapping charge on the ground that it hadn't been proven.

But in spite of Mrs Emerson's cheerful admissions, he refused to grant Emerson a divorce, because he felt that Emerson had abetted and condoned his wife's misconduct. Neither could Mrs. Emerson have a divorce, for the court ruled her cross-complaint of misconduct had not been proven.

However, both couples obtained their divorces elsewhere. Mrs. Emerson, the former Miss Jane Scholtz, social registerite of Denver, Colorado, then made her part of the swap legal and more or less permanent by marrying Sewell. And now Mrs. Sewell is married, not to Emerson but to Mr. Kaley, who was not mentioned at all in the original deal.

The testimony seemed so much like one of those old Al Woods bedroom farces that Judge Lindsey, veteran domestic relations jurist, was not only disgusted with the whole four of them but could not keep track of the alleged visiting in each other's bedrooms, and frequently interrupted to ask:

"Who was in whose bedroom?"

The Emersons had become fast friends of the Sewells on a yachting trip, but not fast enough to talk about any new deal in wives when the yacht returned to Los Angeles Harbor and the two couples to their homes. About a month later Sewell began to receive extortion letters demanding $25,000 or his life, but not his wife. Mrs. Sewell testified that as a result of these threats Mr. Sewell invited the Emersons to live with them for protection and the complications soon began.

On November 5, the two couples went to a cottage at Ocean Park guarded by "Red" Davis, a detective from the District Attorney's office. It was "Red" who first ceremoniously united Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Sewell by the symbol of handcuffs. On the witness stand Mrs. Emerson described this scene as follows:

"We all had a few drinks and then Mrs. Sewell and I put on negligees and then with our husbands and 'Red' Davis we sat around talking.

"Mr. Emerson went to sleep on a couch in the living room and pretty soon Mrs. Sewell lay down beside him. We thought it would be a good joke to handcuff them together, and we did.

"Mr. Emerson woke up and the handcuffs were removed. Then Mr. Davis retired to the back bedroom and Mr. Sewell and I retired to the other bedroom. My husband and Mrs. Sewell stayed in the front room.

"About 8 o'clock the next morning we all woke up, and Mr. Emerson and Mr. Sewell talked back and forth through the door in a friendly vein."

"Did you accuse Mrs. Sewell of intimacy with your husband?" she was asked.

"I didn't think anything about it," was her unexpected reply.

From Sewell came corroboration of Mrs. Emerson's version of the beach party, but Emerson and Mrs. Sewell stoutly denied there had been anything improper between them.

But Emerson testified he hadn't thought those handcuffs any joke when he woke up. He had been about half-awakened when they were put on, he said, then testified:

"I dozed off, and when I awakened again I found Mrs. Sewell sitting on the couch handcuffed to me. Everybody was laughing. I was tired and after listening to the kidding for awhile, demanded that the cuffs be removed. I noticed my wife and Sewell with their heads together laughing, and it provoked me and I demanded that Mrs. Emerson order Davis to remove the cuffs. Mrs. Sewell and I wrenched at them so much our hands hurt."

Mrs. Sewell, called to the witness stand to give her account of the alleged wife exchange at the beach party, said she had seen her husband and Mrs. Emerson in the bedroom together and admitted sleeping on the couch-bed in the living room with Emerson, but denied any philandering with him.

Mrs. Emerson, invited to give more information on the alleged mate-exchange, prefaced the bold admission of her free-and-easy relations with Sewell, under the same roof with his lawful wife and her own husband by explaining that she felt a deep and sincere love for Barton Sewell and that her husband had understood and condoned everything she had done.

On two other occasions after the beach party episode, Mrs. Emerson testified, the couples swapped mates for the night. In these instances she said she spent the night with Sewell in his Beverly Hills home while her husband was with Mrs. Sewell in another room. On one of these occasions the quadrangle had breakfast together in Mrs. Sewell's room, and on the other they ate together in the Sewell dining room. These allegations of misconduct, too, were denied by Emerson and Mrs. Sewell.

She then told of a conference between the two men and herself at which the three quietly and frankly discussed what they could do about a dying love and a new infatuation. She declared that Emerson came to her late in November with a direct question as to her regard for his good friend Sewell.

"He said: 'Jane you're in love with Barton, aren't you?'" she testified.

"I answered him: 'Yes.' I told him Barton and I had been wanting to discuss the matter with him so we met Mr. Sewell and talked it over.

"They did most of the talking. Finally my husband said he would not stand in our way. He said he thought a lot of Barton, that he would facilitate the getting of a divorce and that we might continue our association together. They shook hands. Everything was very friendly."

But if Emerson was really ever in this share-the-wife frame of mind and agreed to it, he soon must have tired of the bargain. He employed detectives and, after telling the wife of his bosom that he was off on a long trip over the desert, crept back at dead of night to his home, accompanied by a detective and two friends.

Emerson unlocked the front door and led the party to his wife's bedroom. On trying to open it he found the door obstructed on the inside by some piece of furniture.

The actor said that with all his strength he kicked the door open and got a glimpse of his wife standing in her streamline nightie, beside the bed on which was Sewell, aiming a pistol at him.

One would think this a sufficiently interesting and dramatic scene to have fastened the undivided attention of any husband, but Emerson says it wasn't. He was distracted by something else, the sight of his own baby less than a year old, flying across the room and landing with an ominous silence that suggested the child had broken its neck.

It seems that his wife had not only named this third and latest of their offspring Barton, after the other man, but had placed little Barton in its crib against the door, as an obstacle against all intruders.

Disregarding his wife's tears and Barton's pistol, he says, he picked up the child, which now exploded in the good healthy fury of a delayed howl. He comforted little Barton and returned him to the crib before turning his attention to the lady and gentleman on whom he was calling.

The raiding party, however, saw no advantage in arguing with an angry man with a gun, and departed thinking they had ample evidence for a divorce but they hadn't.

Emerson fed the epidemic of lawsuits which followed that raid by a divorce action, naming Sewell and charging Mrs. Emerson with seven instances of misconduct. But Mrs. Emerson and the man who is now her present husband, came back with the most surprising answers, admitting their relationship but justifying it by alleging it had been with the "consent and connivance" of Emerson. But Mrs. Emerson did more than merely answer the complaint: she filed a cross complaint of her own, accusing her husband and Mrs. Sewell of marital philandering. She also alleged that her husband had refused to work during the twelve years of their marriage causing her to depend for support on money she obtained from her parents. She asked custody of the three children, Walter, 11; Edmund, 5, and Barton, but the court awarded them to her mother, Mrs. Scholtz.

Infuriated by Mrs. Emerson's charge, Mrs. Sewell, who inherited $700,000 from her father's estate a few years ago, rushed into court next day.

She slammed down two legal documents. One was an answer in which she denied that she had misconducted herself with Emerson. The other was a suit against Mrs. Emerson asking $100,000 damages for alienation of her husband's affections. She charged that Mrs. Emerson had "induced" Sewell to become friendly with her.

And back into court came Emerson with a new legal paper. In it he, too, denied any wrongdoing with Mrs. Sewell, said he was "broke," had lost his job as well as his wife, and stated that he could not pay the $250 a month alimony which she demanded.

The best that W. I. Gilbert, attorney for Mrs. Emerson, could say for his client was:

"Her condition has been the problem of the ages. The desire of a woman for a man, and vice versa, comes unbidden and leaves when it leaves."

Emerson's lawyer, Milton Cohen, painted Emerson as a loving and affectionate father, and as a husband troubled with "in-laws." He said: "Jane Emerson is not a bad woman. She is a woman acting under a spell. The name of that spell is Barton Sewell."

Emerson testified, with tears in his eyes, the perfect picture of a virtuous, outraged husband. His emotions however dried up noticeably at the appearance in court of the "dark threat." This was the brunette dancer, Miss Suzette Toby. Emerson's mother-in-law, the entirely respectable Mrs. Scholtz, testified that Emerson had been arrested in Los Angeles on a statutory charge brought by Miss Toby, who also sued him for $50,000 heart-balm. Mrs. Scholtz said she had bought off the suit and caused the complaint to be withdrawn by paying $2,500. Though subpoenaed as a witness, the dancer was not asked to testify.

Leah seems to be a natural storm center for love suits. As Leah Clampitt, daughter of A. E. Clampitt, millionaire oil man, she first married Thomas K. Mitchusson, former Centre College football hero. Before long Mitchusson brought suit for $50,000 damages against John Howard Kelly and Mrs. Sewell's mother, Mrs. Margaret Clampitt, alleging that they had alienated Leah's affections. This suit was dismissed when Mrs. Clampitt died, the Mitchussons were then divorced and Leah married Kelly.

But Barton Sewell was a fast friend of Kelly and became a faster one of his new wife. After three years, the Kellys separated and Howard sued his ex-friend Barton for $100,000 balm. The Kellys were divorced, Mrs. Kelly promptly married Sewell and Kelly finally dropped his suit. Seeing her husband outbound on the arm of Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Sewell thought $100,000 the right sum to sue her for.

Leah was sued against, as well as suing. Mrs. Mae Elizabeth Keaton named her in a divorce action against her husband, Buster, and as a by-product, sued Mrs. Sewell for $200,000 of that good old heart balm. She said there had never been another woman in Buster's life until Leah went to work on him.

"That is the funniest line of the year," laughed Hollywood. But Mrs. Keaton did not laugh. She told of finding her frozen-faced husband in the same room with Leah.

Her husband's friends said it was "just a gag," but Mrs. Keaton said:

"It may be a gag to them but it's tragic to me and it will take just $200,000 to make me laugh."

How much, if anything, the various defendants were made to pay is not a matter of record. But it was reported that Leah collected $50,000 cash and a perpetual endowment of $1,000 a month from Barton Sewell in consideration of withdrawing her suit against Mrs. Emerson for alienation, and $100,000 more for special damages against the same damager. One after another, all the other legal rumpuses were quieted.

Now all the charter members of the quadrangle have gotten a wife, a husband or cash out of the shuffle except Emerson, who is seen in the fade-out holding the bag, containing mostly lawyers' bills. But he also has his oldest son.

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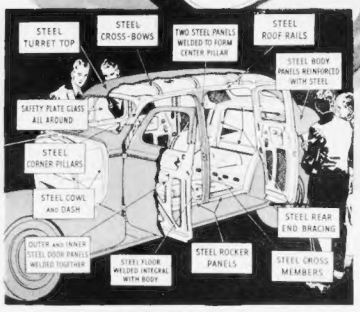
Safety ISN'T EVERYTHING ANY MORE!

IT'S ONLY ONE OF MANY BETTERMENTS IN THIS GLORIFICATION OF THE STEEL BODY


STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REINFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANELS WELDED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR WELDED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS

The inside story of Unisteel construction

IT HAS EVERYTHING *for every kind of driving in every kind of weather—this new 1937 Oldsmobile with Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. It's a masterpiece in steel-on-steel security—with everything for solid comfort, including Fisher No-Draft Ventilation.*

MAKE up your mind about one thing or many:

Decide that your next car should have a lot more . . . more custom-like luxuries, more home-like comforts—as well as more safety.

That's no longer too big an order!

For when Fisher glorified the steel body, there was no skimping . . . no compromising *this* feature for the sake of *that* . . . no building up *here* by sacrificing *there*.

So naturally, there's more of everything for everybody in the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

For instance, suppose you consider *safety* most important. You'll find more of it than you've ever had, in this new Unisteel Body. For all its steel panels—from Turret Top to steel underbody structure—are fused together into one silent, shock-proof, weave-proof solid steel unit.

Or is solid *comfort* the big thing with you? In that case, just a glance through its larger doors will show you that here is solid comfort indeed. For the seats are noticeably wider—the floors are lower—visibility is greater—in this new Unisteel Body. And, although you can't see this comfort feature, all its steel panels are insulated against outside cold, heat and noise.

Or perhaps you're keen to own a car that gives you luxuries such as only higher prices have bought in the past. If that's your object, you'll be happy to know that the new Fisher interiors rival those previously found only in more costly cars.

In view of all these steel body betterments, is it any wonder that car buyers everywhere say that the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher has made the greatest sweeping improvement in 1937 motoring?

Reason it out on any basis, and you'll give first thought to a General Motors car before you decide on any. For *only* General Motors cars have Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK* • LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

WAKLDL

Interesting Reasons for the Collapse of a New Crusade to Abolish the Ancient and Popular Although Admittedly Unhygienic Custom

But Mean Lots and Lots Others See the Kiss as This Romantically Pleasant Fashion.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nemo (right) Married 50 Who, Despite Their Age, Won't Kiss Any Other Way Than by Holding the Kiss for 14 Minutes.

The Noted Great Artist Stevie Lamont Is Pictured Here Kissing Death. She Is the Star of Miss Lee Snow's Thrilling Big Epic, "Love Spheres," Which Is Here Announced by Miss Snow as Always Founder of the Art Kiss Despite Stiff Competition.

B "ARIZONA BILL," D P O

Deputy Marshal and the

A [illegible] Deputy U. S. Marshal of the West [illegible] Arizona Ranger, He [illegible] stage- [illegible] He was [illegible] and [illegible] cattle [illegible] desperadoes were [illegible] the greatest [illegible]

Front Page Picture From the Old Dime Novel, "Deadwood Dick's Double; or The Ghost of Gorgon's Gulch". The Caption Under the Picture Says: "ONE! all ready, TWO! say yer kittenchisms, THREE! balance yerself for the final send off. And lastly—'KENO'"

The Last Portrait of the Famous Old Pioneer, "Deadwood Dick," Whose Exploits as Told in the Dime Novels Thrilled the Youth of Two Generations.

The Famous Old [illegible]

Old Pen Drawing From Another Dime Novel, Picture Reads: "Stop!" She Said in [illegible]

CHAPTER VII.

By ARIZONA BILL (Raymond H. Gardner)

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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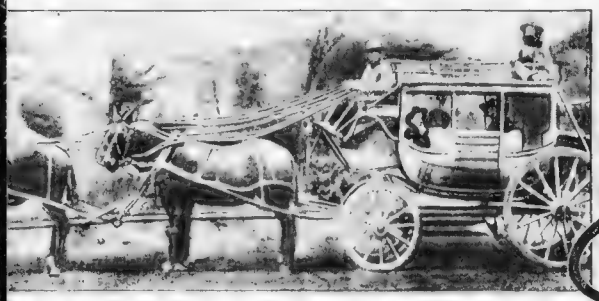
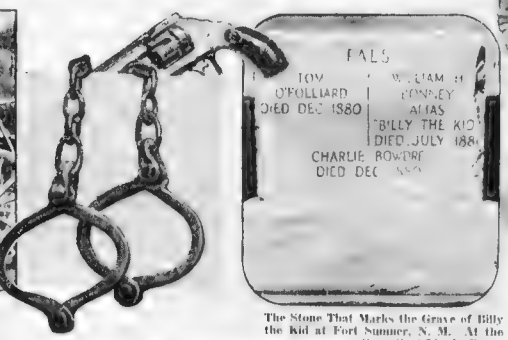
A LOT has been said and written about a very capable and fast working badman, Billy the Kid. I knew Billy the Kid and once had drinks with him, together with General Lew Wallace. The [illegible] Billy listened while we swapped yarns about old frontier days. He hadn't killed more than half a dozen at that time and nobody knew what a bad hombre that youngster was. Later on I met him again with General Wal- [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

W W

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Frontiersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, Scout, Pony Express Rider, Arizona Ranger, and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun Badmen Quick-Shooting, Fearless Sheriffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns



Deadwood Coach Which Was Held Up and Robbed Again and Again



(From the Rose Collection, San Antonio, Texas) And On the Right Are the Leg Irons Worn by Billy the Kid When He Escaped From Lincoln County Courthouse, Lincoln, New Mexico, After Killing His Two Guards. The Pistol Is a Revolver Owned by Salazar, a Friend of the Kid.

The Stone That Marks the Grave of Billy the Kid at Fort Sumner, N. M. At the Same Spot Lie the Bones of Two of Billy's Badmen Companions.

Perhaps the Only Genuine Photograph in Existence of Billy the Kid. This Was an Old Tintype, Probably Taken at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, When Billy Was About Nineteen. But He Had Already Killed a Dozen Men.

"Deadwood Dick as Detective." The Caption Under This Thrilling Shrill Whisper, "or I'll put a bullet through ye both!"

The Old Lincoln County Courthouse, Lincoln, N. M. Billy the Kid Was Held a Prisoner Here but Shot Both His Guards, Slipped His Handcuffs, Clanked Down the Stairs with His Legs in Irons, Commandeered a Horse and Rode Away to Freedom. The Window on the Left-Hand Side Is in the Room Where the Desperado Was Held Prisoner.

[illegible] Mexico, where he cheated, robbed and killed until that country grew too hot for him and he found it safer to go back to his native land.

But he always kept up close relations with Mexico. To help his friend Segura, the Mexican [illegible] he [illegible] Mexico, where they [illegible] a [illegible] Billy always liked Tunstall, because he treated him liberally.

Tunstall leased was claimed by one of the warring cattlemen and a big posse of expert gunmen and cattle thieves came to seize it. Tunstall, his employes with dignity that he had done nothing unlawful, that they could not touch his cattle and that he would see a lawyer about it.

"[illegible] you, you addern fool."

Be civil, my man. Remember you are speaking [illegible] ployer," replied Mr. Tunstall, se[illegible] town, but he refused to move quickly. A shot through his hat warned him to get going, but it was too late, his pursuers surrounded him and killed him.

Billy and his friends organized another posse with the help of a sheriff who saw eye to eye with him, and they came back and killed all the men [illegible] Billy was known as the West and for this reason was hired to fight in [illegible] McSween[illegible] McSween [illegible], with Billy [illegible] out a scratch. Only one other, a Mexican named [illegible] "[illegible] you [illegible]

Like many another thief and murderer, the Kid was generous with other people's money and property, kind to dumb animals, and would weep tears over sentimental songs.

My friend, General Lew Wallace, was appointed Governor of New Mexico to replace Axtell, the no-good Murphy partisan. The new Governor [illegible] warring cattle men to lay down their [illegible] Kid left for a distant part of New Mexico. Governor sent word to him to come and [illegible] The General invited me and another scout to come in and act as witnesses while the Kid was talking. The old General called out pleasantly:

"You need not be afraid of me, Billy. Come in."

"Any witness needs protection you needn't be afraid of me, General," blustered the badman as he swaggered in.

[illegible] by the cattlemen of Lincoln County to kill off the "snoozers," as the sheep men were called. The cattlemen didn't like the sheep men, who came West later, because they believed what has recently proved to be true that sheep crop the grass so close that in time they would turn the grazing lands into deserts.

They had sent Billy to argue with them in the only effective way they knew with bullets. Billy had been doing his work too quickly and thoroughly so the General, as Governor, had sent for the [illegible] him to stop. Before they got down [illegible] that he was broke and hoped the General wouldn't be annoyed if he held up a few people that evening. General Wallace promptly "lent" him $10.

Billy said he couldn't go back on his friends, the cattlemen, and said he could see the Governor's predicament, because the law-abiding citizens were prodding Wallace to do something. He agreed to let himself be arrested for the killing of [illegible] By the time of the trial he figured some other excitement would be filling the public mind. If by any accident he happened to be [illegible] error was [illegible] Billy [illegible] General Wallace [illegible] left [illegible] province to Billy, but there had been so many complications and aggravations that he can hardly be blamed.

The Kid went to jail, but soon got tired of the confinement and he resented their distrust in refusing to let him have a gun for his usual daily practice. As the rulers understood that it was a friendly sort of murder trial and didn't really mean anything, he does not seem to have been carefully guarded. One day he just walked out and started robbing and killing again.

During the 80's, the leading citizens of Lincoln County, that is the leading honest ones and there was a considerable number by this time, thought they had seen about enough of the Kid killing, robbing and terrorizing. Constable Longworth, a nervy fighter, was outfitted with a posse of forty men and finally surrounded the lone bandit in a house at White Oaks. The constable told Billy that the odds against him were 41 to 1, and since resistance was hopeless, he might as well give himself up peacefully. The Kid's reply was to dash out at them, with guns blazing. Once more he shot his way through to freedom, unhurt and killing six men of the posse. This setback made the forces of law and order all the more keen to get Billy.

All the fighting cowboys along the Canadian River were enlisted for the duration of this war to wipe out Billy the Kid. With a bunch of these fighters Sheriff Pat Garrett had an ambush near Fort Sumner, where he expected Billy to visit a Mexican woman. After dark they saw a shadowy form sneaking up to the Mexican woman's house, and they pumped the shadow full of lead. But it was only a small-time murderer, one of Billy's pals. At the last minute Billy had gone back for his tobacco.

By the way, in my scouting days, I noticed how often lack of tobacco will make men turn back when nothing else will. I have been in expeditions where our coffee, sugar, salt, bacon, flour and most all the other necessities and comforts were lost in some river, but as long as we had tobacco we would go on. Whenever an expedition lost its tobacco, it usually stopped right there until someone rode all the way back for a new supply. In those days most people smoked a pipe or chewed, which was considered respectable and even good enough manners. Wealthy and tony people prided themselves on a handsome, big, brass cuspidor or "gobboon" in the parlor. People who were not so fancy used to spit kindly in the corners of the room. In barrooms they would aim at knotholes in the floor with great accuracy.

Garrett, one of the most persistent law officers the West ever produced, now dogged the bandit without let-up. At last the Kid saw that he was certain to be caught and with three others gave himself up. Taken to the jail at Las Vegas the citizens insisted that the only practical way to get rid of this mad dog was to lynch him. It would certainly have saved a lot of trouble, but the sheriff and his posse were against a necktie party and got him safely to Santa Fe. He was later tried for the murder of Sheriff William Brady, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The Kid had had it in for Brady, and had [illegible] as the sheriff worked by [illegible] loaded himself to the [illegible] pistols and rifle.

The sentence didn't bother Billy at first because the original "gentleman's agreement" between Governor Wallace and the badman had been that he was to be tried and if convicted to be pardoned. But now when the date for the execution drew near and no sign of a pardon he complained bitterly. Billy forgot that the deal was over another murder, and that he had broken his part of the agreement by escaping from jail and building up a new record of murders against himself. Public opinion was so strong that General Wallace would hardly have dared to let this killer free, if he had wanted to.

Billy didn't really believe that they were so mean as to intend to hang him in cold blood until one day Sheriff Garrett rode away to White Oaks to order the lumber for the gallows. The Kid decided to free himself and no time could be better than that very day, with the sheriff absent.

The little jail had not been safe enough to hold Billy so they had him locked up in a big room on the second floor of the courthouse at Lincoln, since the trial. Here two deputies, J. W. Bell and Robert Ollinger, were appointed to watch him day and night. Also his hands were handcuffed and a heavy pair of leg irons made walking slow and clumsy and running was impossible.

Bell and the prisoner were friendly enough but Ollinger and the Kid hated each other like poison. This was because Billy had murdered a couple of Ollinger's best friends and the deputy kept telling the condemned man that he was going to swing for it.

At noon Ollinger went across the street for a bite of lunch leaving Bell playing cards with the murderer. The kid accidentally on purpose, dropped a card from one of his manacled hands and Bell, in a fatal moment of carelessness, stooped to pick it up. The outlaw leaned over the table and snatched the gun from Bell's holster, shoved it in his face and forced him to march ahead of him to the armory, a room near the one he was confined in. He liked Bell and had no special yearning to kill the man who had been kind to him but when Bell made a break for the rear stairs, Billy shot him dead with the deputy's own revolver.

Ollinger hearing the shot from across the street ran around to the back of the courthouse with a cocked six-shooter in each hand. He heard a voice from an upper window call sweetly:

Hey, Ollinger.

Ollinger looked up to see his own double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot, pointed straight at him with the outlaw's finger on the trigger. Billy had slipped his small hands from the handcuffs and held the shotgun in both hands.

The gun roared, and Ollinger slumped to the ground, a charge of buckshot in his breast. As he lay there the Kid stepped out on the balcony and fired the other barrel into the deputy's already lifeless body.

He then forced the jail cook to catch and saddle the black horse of Billy Burt, the county clerk, for him, then galloped away to the west. The [illegible] one notches on his gun had cheated the gallows—but his end was not far off.

The sheriff grimly finished his gallows and said it would stand until Billy danced from it at the end of a rope. When Billy clanked down the courthouse stairs and clattered out of town riding sidesaddle like a society lady, he wore leg irons that had been riveted on over the top of his boots without any key. The sheriff had explained to the blacksmith:

"I don't figure to take 'em off 'till after the hangin.' So we don't need no key."

Billy the Kid galloped out of town and across country until he reached the ranch of Octaviano Salas, who knew him well enough not to be surprised at seeing him out of jail. His son, Ladislao Salas, of Lincoln, who recently traded Billy's leg irons for a 48-pound sack of flour, tells what happened:

"I remember it so plainly because the Kid was

(Continued on Page 19)

Hair of the Dog by Edgar Franklin

An Unusual and Amusing Love Story.

"O

They Were in Him Rollin. How Over Somehow, He Tore at His Coat, Trousers and Even His Shoes. Just Once He Managed to Shriek a Cry for Help, or Perhaps His Farewell to an Unpaticial World.

Uncle Peter Rolled His Eyes of Surprise Went Behind and Ann Notice Land Blinked Back the Tears.

H

B

Complete in This Issue.

Y

A

A

(Continued on Page 18)

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Protector" Italian Balm.

Get This Bargain Combination Package Today At Once!

ACT TODAY !! SUPPLY LIMITED

C H

M G

Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

W

CHAPTER XX

At the Ri

S

Michael made no comment, his young face had hardened. Presently he asked Sara to dance

"But if you'll only let me come and see you ...if you'll only help me Sara."

CHAPTER XXI

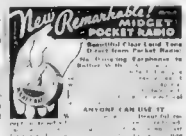
Mahpit's Decision

T

(Continued on Page 17)

Use Saxolite Astringent

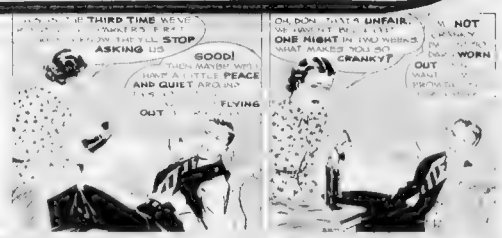
A REFRESHING, stimulating skin tonic. Dissolves it on witch hazel. Smooths out wrinkles and sagging. Reduces large pores. Eliminates oiliness. Prevents blackhead. At all drug and department stores.

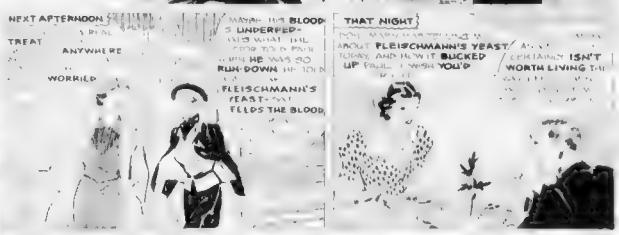


EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY THINK— I'M NOT GOING OUT

SO "ALL-IN" HE JUST WANTED TO BE LEFT ALONE



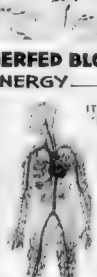


DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD PULL DOWN YOUR ENERGY

PEOPLE are so quick to feel tired but at first you're the last one to hear. When your energy runs low, don't blame it on age. Instead, ask yourself, "Am I getting enough food to nourish my cells and nerves?"

Here's how to find out. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins and other essential food elements that help your blood carry more nourishment from your food. Yeast-fortified blood helps feed energy to your tissues.

Let Cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast do their part. Buy some today and begin eating it regularly, as directed, in a cool glass of water. Begin now!



IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY

4 VITAMINS EVERYONE NEEDS

FRESH YEAST VITAMINS A, B, G AND D

GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT AND GET IT FASTER

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on How to Buy a Dependable Used Car of Any Make or Model!

WE DODGE DEALERS WILL GIVE AWAY — *ABSOLUTELY FREE* — $10,000 FOR THE BEST ANSWERS TO THESE TWO QUESTIONS!

GRAND PRIZE... $5,000.00 CASH!
5 CASH PRIZES... $500.00 EACH!
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A Total of $10,000... Absolutely Free!

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Here's the Sign of Dependable Used Cars and Used Trucks!

USED CARS DEPENDABLE USED TRUCKS

$10,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST RULES

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H

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They May Help You Win!

HOW TO BUY A DEPENDABLE USED CAR

READ WHAT THESE MOTORISTS SAY ABOUT DODGE DEALERS' DEPENDABLE USED CARS!
It may help you win a prize!

Hair of the Dog

An Unusual and Amusing Love Story. Complete in This Issue.

By Edgar Franklin

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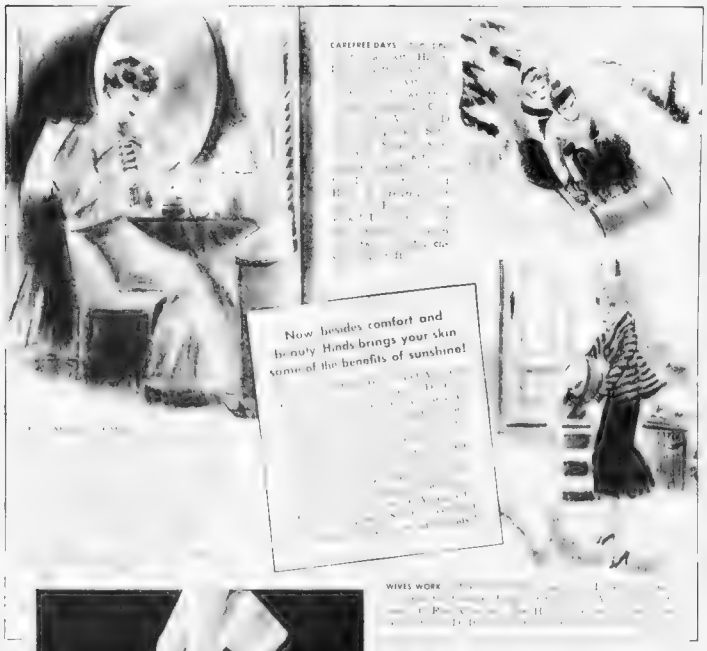

FREE The first One Piece DISPENSER with every 50 cent size of Hinds

DAILY RADIO TREAT

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

C

(Continued from Page 17)

H

by Maysie Greig

CHAPTER XXII.

Suspicion

B

(Continued on Page 20)

Maybelline

A

The End.

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page [illegible])

Minor Burns
blisters, scratches, etc

Resinol

THROAT IRRITATION

"counter-irritant"

MUSTEROLE

Respiratory System

What makes you COUGH?

PERTUSSIN
COUGH RELIEF

Stop that Scratching
RELIEVE ITCHING In One Minute

D.D.D. Prescription

GRAY HAIR?
The Best Remedy
is Made at Home

THE ONLY COUGH DROPS
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS 5¢
CONTAINING VITAMIN A

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!

Women like its fragrance . . . men like its flavor. Cool as a wife's note: "I've gone home to Mother's." Smooth as the rest: "You're to come there for dinner." Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Lee Cooper I Sure and Should Be . . . Tired are Taking about you and Michael? He Should Live Lonely

THINK A MOMENT! Has more than one day gone by?

Keep it clean with Soft Soap. Mild enough to use on the face, yet active enough to help keep it well-groomed.

Remember, Dr. Lyons Dental Cream is the choice of millions. Mild yet thorough, the home favorite of an eminent Ohio physician, they use it and recommend it hours as it stops decay. Protects.

Keep your whole bathroom shelf clean. Use the whole family to use them on the evening before the secondary. Use as directed. 25¢—40¢—60¢. Additional sizes.

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OPEN PORES REFINED

BLACKHEADS CURBED BY OXYGEN CREAM

Correct SKIN FAULTS WITH DIOXOGEN CREAM

for Tantalizing ITCHY SKIN Make this FREE test

Peterson's Ointment

FREE SAMPLE

Rebuild your SKIN'S DEFENSES

with the COMPLETE CREAM

Patterned on natural skin oils

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

A REFINER, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

CHAPTER XXIII.

Linda's Game

S

"Not Michael," she said.

"Are you still in love with

Should she do?

She wished she could go to Tom

(Continued on Page 21)

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, religious and domestic science articles and illustrations published in Peterson's Magazine and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

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DON'T BOTHER ME
AS THEY USED TO
I USE V-E-M.

HE'S RIGHT, I GIVE HIM COMFORT QUICKLY. ASK YOUR DOCTOR. HE'S KNOWN ME FOR 20 YEARS.

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COLDS
RHEUMATIC PAINS
BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

HIS FACE WAS A SIGHT!
MY SKIN IS SO ROUGH AND PIMPLY, DAD.
NOT LONG AFTER
GEE, MY FACE IS CLEARER ALREADY. CUTICURA SURE HELPED ME.
AND DON'T FORGET! KEEP RIGHT ON USING CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT EVERY DAY TO HELP GUARD THAT GOOD-LOOKING COMPLEXION.
CUTICURA IS JUST THE THING FOR THOSE EXTERNALLY CAUSED BLEMISHES.
For FREE sample, write "Cuticura," Dept. 20, Malden, Mass.

Challenge to Happiness

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

she had aroused him of trying to ruin her trade.

"Why had she done that?" Was it because he had neglected her for so many weeks? She had wanted any excuse to get in touch with him again. That was the truth and she felt ashamed and humiliated.

Later that night after Peter had left her at her apartment she got through to Tom on the telephone. Though he said 'Hello' three times gruffly, it was some little while before she could bring herself to speak to him.

"I'm sorry about what I said the other night," she stammered at last. "I mean I'm sorry I suggested... I know now who was responsible for the falling off of trade."

"Who has been responsible?" he demanded curtly.

"Ursula," she said, and then she started to laugh weakly. "She says—she says that my clothes make women look fat!" And she went on laughing, because on the face of it it was so ludicrous and yet the fact of that remark had been so dreadful. "You look like winning your bargain after all," she went on presently. "I'm almost beginning to."

She hung up quickly before he could reply, and although the phone rang and kept on ringing for the next three-quarters of an hour she wouldn't answer it.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Showdown.

URSULA stood with her back leaning against the fireplace laughing at Tom. There was a wealth of malicious amusement in her laughter. It made Tom long to stride across the room to her, grasp her by the shoulders and shake her until she was unable to laugh any longer.

There was something different about Ursula—and her next words revealed what it was. "I'm thinking of marrying Juan Lopez, Tom," she said triumphantly.

He swung towards her with a startled exclamation.

"Juan Lopez, the Argentinian millionaire!" he exclaimed. "You're going to marry him, Ursula?"

"Why not?" she laughed lightly. "He'll back my plays and provide me with everything I want and it's pleasant to reflect that business keeps him in the Argentine at least nine months of the year. Juan should make an ideal husband for a successful actress."

Tom stared. "But—how about Michael?"

Ursula laughed. "I'm divorcing him," she said. "Do you know, Tom—he actually came here and begged me to take him back the other day. It—it rather sickened me."

"Then if you're going to marry Lopez," Tom said after a slight pause, "you can't have any grievance against Sara any longer."

"I haven't," she admitted, "though I had for a time. I won't pan her shop any more if that's what you've come to ask me."

"That's all I ask, Ursula," he said.

He picked up his hat to go, but before he was through the door she stopped him.

"You've been a good friend to me, Tom," she said. "I'll like to wish you luck. I think the girl's a fool ..." She bit her lip and stopped abruptly.

"For not handing me?" he said and laughed. "I can't agree with you there, Ursula. I don't know what woman would want me apart from my money. I'm rough, uncouth, dogmatic and I've the devil of a temper."

"All the same, you're rather nice, Tom," she admitted grudgingly. "At one time I wouldn't have minded taking you on myself."

Tom might have rested content with Ursula's promise that she would do nothing in future to hurt Sara's business. But it wasn't in his nature to rest content with anything.

The thought of Sara's shop going bankrupt was unthinkable. He hated the thought of her failing in anything. She was such a brave, courageous soul. And there was always the fear that should she fail she would think herself in debt. She might even feel compelled to carry out that ridiculous bargain. Somehow, now that he knew how much he loved her, the very thought was abhorrent. And the last thing in the world he wanted from her was gratitude.

But what could he do? Striding through the streets towards his hotel, he suddenly remembered Ritzy Mason.

* * *

Just as Sara hadn't realized at first the gradual decrease of her trade, so now it was some weeks before she realized that the corner had been turned. Once more she was heading for a triumphant success.

Business had picked up by leaps and bounds, her shop was booming. Lulu and her assistants could scarcely get the gowns ready in time. Customers flocked in. Sara didn't know who had recommended them; when occasionally she did inquire their replies were usually evasive. Oh, some friend had recommended them. They didn't rightly remember which friend it was.

She was too pleased by the sudden and unexpected turn of events to be suspicious, even had she believed there was any ground for suspicions. They differed slightly from the type of customers she had had in the beginning, but since they obviously had plenty of money to spend, why should she worry?

But despite her success Sara was far from happy. Time and again she would take up the receiver to telephone through to Tom and tell him her good news, but always she would hesitate; then in the end she never phoned him. She didn't really know why. Perhaps she felt she would be too nervous to speak to him.

Why hadn't he phoned her? Why hadn't he made some effort to see her? Didn't he—and the thought made her heart turn cold—didn't he care for her in any way any longer?

She would feel at times that life would be perfect if only she could share her success with him.

She saw Peter once in a while. On the last occasion when he took her out to dinner she was telling him in glowing terms about her present success, when he interrupted:

"And you don't know who's at the bottom of this?"

She stared at him in surprise. "Who could be at the bottom of it?"

He smiled quietly. "I don't know, Sara. But don't you think someone must be at the bottom of it?"

She shook her head violently.

"Of course not. It's—well, I suppose it's just luck. People came and recommended their friends. I've struck a lucky patch. What else could it be?"

His smile broadened. "Search me," he said. "But it does seem rather miraculous. You must have a good fairy looking after you, Sara."

But she couldn't spend much time with Peter—she had too much else on her hands; for one thing, Parry Hinton had cleared out for New York and she had to look after Ritzy.

Ritzy kept a stiff upper lip until the very end. That is, until the train had pulled out of the station. Then she crashed completely. Sara stayed with her day and night. At one time she doubted whether she would live; but she did live and some weeks later she was her own self again —for almost.

To the casual observer she appeared the same Ritzy Mason, but Sara noticed the difference in her. There was that desperate haunted look in her eyes.

"She'll never get over it," Sara thought, "never."

Meanwhile, Sara was forcing herself to face the fact that Tom didn't care for her any longer. It wasn't easy, now that she knew she loved him. At times she felt herself wishing passionately that she had failed, that he had won that preposterous gamble.

Ritzy might be right. It might be better to have something of the man one loved than nothing at all. And yet there was something in Sara that wouldn't allow her to go Ritzy's way. Only had her honor been involved could she have gone Ritzy's way —and then she would have hated it. And even Ritzy, half suspecting Sara's bargain, had once warned her not to do it.

She saw little of Michael these days. He had found someone else to inspire his work.

"It's no use, Sara," he said to her once. "I know you don't care for me. I'll be happier if I face the truth and try to get on with my life."

Peter and she had drifted apart, too; but they still remained friends. At times she almost wished she could have loved him—he was so very nice.

So the lonely weeks passed.

And then one day Ritzy came racing into the office, where Sara sat alone.

"Sara!" she said breathlessly. "I must see you at once!"

"You look very happy about something," Sara remarked as she closed the door.

"I am," Ritzy said. She rushed up to Sara, hugging her wildly. "Oh, I am happy, so terribly happy, Sara! I don't know what to do with myself! I've just had a telegram from New York."

"It's from Parry! Look, Sara, read it."

She opened her bag. The telegram was crumpled inside it. She straightened it out and handed it across to Sara to read.

"My wife has at last got her divorce in Reno," Sara read. "I'm free, darling, isn't it glorious? Take the next train and we'll be married." It was signed "Parry."

"And I never even knew he had a wife," Ritzy said. "I never knew that was the reason he couldn't marry me. I just thought—well—" her voice cracked slightly. "But now this makes everything different, doesn't it?"

"What a fool he was not to tell you," Sara said.

Ritzy's eyes sparkled angrily. "He isn't a fool," she said. "Maybe he didn't want to tell me in case he couldn't get the divorce."

"Men are funny creatures," Sara commented.

"Very funny," Ritzy agreed, and added illogically: "All except Parry."

Sara went over and kissed her impulsively.

"I'm terribly glad," she said, her voice a little uneven, "more glad than I can say. You deserve all the happiness in the world, Ritzy."

"I'll get it," Ritzy said and laughed exultantly. "I'll get everything I've ever wanted in the world once I'm Parry's wife." She added, her voice softening: "That sounds swell, doesn't it, so swell I could cry. Parry's wife. I bet I'll say it to myself all tonight instead of going to sleep. Parry's wife. Parry's wife."

Something suspiciously like a tear glimmered in Sara's eyes. Perhaps for one moment she felt a sharp twinge of self-pity but she rushed it down resolutely. She mustn't let her own unhappiness interfere with Ritzy's glad news.

"When are you going?" she asked presently.

"Right away!" Ritzy said triumphantly. "I've already been round to that cabaret and told them. I haven't much to do here, just a few clothes to get ready."

"I'll help you with that," Sara said. "Anything you want to have made, Ritzy, just ask me."

Ritzy squeezed her arm. "That's swell of you, Sara. But then you're a swell person. I'll—" she hesitated, "I'll miss you like the devil."

"I'll miss you, too, Ritzy," Sara said quietly. "And Poggles, shall I have him or will you take him with you?"

"I'll take him if I may," Ritzy said. "Parry's just nuts over that dog, you know. He says he has a musical ear. Did you ever hear the like of it?"

And they both laughed, though tremulously.

"I'd feel a lot happier leaving you if I knew you were going to be happy yourself," Ritzy said presently.

"Oh, I'm all right," Sara said. She asked after a moment: "What makes you think I'm not happy?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ritzy shrugged. "Maybe you are happy, maybe it's just Tom who is unhappy. He's a fine fellow, Sara, I don't like seeing him unhappy."

Sara was staring at her in amazement.

"What are you getting at, dear?"

(Continued on Page 22)

By "Arizona Bill," Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 19)

45 hanging at his right hand. But that gun had no notches in it. Duck always said he had never killed a white man and an Indian didn't amount to enough to bother to cut a notch for. Duck is buried in a grave cut out of the rock on Surrey Mountain, about the valley from Mt. Moriah Cemetery where so many famous pioneers rest. His friends put up a little monument over his grave. From many of the stories written about the Western badmen you get the notion that they lived romantic, almost heroic lives. The truth is that in spite of their daring and skill they lived mostly short, worried and wretched ones. Those that escaped the bullet and the gallows usually became miserable drink-beggars in the same saloons where once they were terrors.

I remember one of these poor old wrecks who used to win quite a few drinks by writing with chalk on the floor or the bar these very lines:

"A beggar'd be bandit, if only he dared.
And bandit turns beggar as soon as he's scared."

It seems like it took all kinds of men and women to make up life on the frontier, and next Sunday I will tell about a judge and a sheriff and the things they did that I reckon can't be matched by anybody else.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

The Thunder Dragon Gate

By TALBOT MUNDY

Love, Murder and Intrigue in Mysterious Tibet. By the Author of "King of the Khyber Rifles," "Full Moon," Etc.

For the man who always knows what to do

There is such a person in every family. But there is one emergency when even this "friend in need" is often at a loss. That is when death occurs. In "What To Do" we have published the answers to the questions which arise at that time—questions difficult to ask and to answer. Clip the coupon today for one or more copies of this booklet. No obligation.

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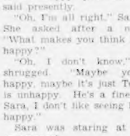

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Women know how hard it is to find a nail polish that goes on right and wears well. Women know how difficult it is to find shades that are *right* for them. Try the new LADY LILLIAN Creme Polish in fashion-right Rose, Rust, and Tawny Red shades. Approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Get yours — today!

3c Trial Offer — *For generous trial bottle, send this ad and 3c stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. A 11-1440 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.*

AT THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

Lady LILLIAN CREME NAIL POLISH

Do This For a Cold

1.
Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
2.
If throat is also sore, crush 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in ½ glass of water. Gargle twice.

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Challenge to Happiness by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 21)

Ritzy!" she snapped, sharply. "What makes you think Tom is unhappy, and why shouldn't he be happy?"

Ritzy threw back her head and started to laugh.

"You're not asking me why Tom isn't happy, are you?"

"Of course I am," Sara snapped back. "You seem to know and I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea."

"Oh, come down off your high horse," Ritzy said, "and be human."

Sara was almost crying with rage and exasperation.

"But I assure you that I haven't the least idea what you are talking about," she cried. "I haven't seen Tom for ages."

"Might that be the reason?" Ritzy said quietly.

Sara's face went very white. She leaned against the door, breathing rapidly.

"But if Tom had wanted to see me he could have come," she whispered.

"Not while Michael Fenton was hanging around," Ritzy said. "He's not that well. You see he left word to come while you're ringing him up giving him messages about going bankrupt," she added.

"You know that?" Sara whispered. "Who told you? Tom?"

The older girl nodded. "I'm sorry, Sara," she said. "I didn't mean to tell you. He asked me not to, but. I'm going away and I don't see why the heck two people should be unhappy if I can do anything about it. He's been a good friend to you, the best friend in the world. I suppose he knew what failure would mean to you so he wouldn't let you fail."

Sara had straightened. She moved towards Ritzy.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "He wouldn't let me fail? What has he to do with it?"

"Quite a lot," Ritzy returned. "I'll tell you, Sara, although you may hate me afterwards for the rest of your life. Maybe you'll hate him too, but I'd rather risk you hating us both than leave without telling you.

"You remember the time you were almost bankrupt, and then suddenly your trade began to pick up? You told me about it and said you couldn't understand it. I almost laughed out loud. I understood it well enough! Tom hatched the plan and I helped him out with it. If you'd gone into the Leopard Club any night you would have recognized quite a few of your more recent customers. Tom told me to get hold of as many girls as I could to go in and buy clothes and he would pay the bills. Were they backward? You bet they weren't!"

"Tom paid for all those clothes," Sara murmured. Her lips were trembling.

Ritzy nodded. "He did, and there was no stinting about it either. He let them order anything they darned well pleased."

"Oh!" Sara gave a small choked cry. She was swaying on her feet. For a moment Ritzy had the awful fear she would faint.

"Sara," she began, and would have caught hold of her arm but Sara brushed her aside.

"Don't touch me," she whispered. She went past Ritzy to where her hat and coat were hanging. She began to put them on.

"What are you doing?" Ritzy exclaimed. "Where are you going?"

"It's no business of yours," Sara snapped back. "I am going out." Sara's face was deathly white, her gray eyes ablaze with anger, her small, slight body trembling all over. She walked out of the office without even a glance in Ritzy's direction. She didn't look to right or left as she went through the showroom.

Outside she beckoned a taxi and gave the address of Tom's hotel. She had no idea just what she intended to say to him. She was too angry to think even coherently. She had never felt so humiliated in her whole life as desperately humiliated. He had treated her shop as though it were a toy, her career a mere plaything. She had told him of her plight and he had engaged girls to buy clothes from her!

It was fantastic, incredible—so awful that the tears stung the back of her eyes, tears that on no account she would let herself shed. How he must have been secretly laughing at her! She stopped—she should have felt grateful to him; but she felt, instead, burningly, intensely angry.

Upon arriving at the hotel she inquired at the reception desk if Tom were in. He was in and she was shown up to his suite. As she went up in the elevator and along the corridor she began to rehearse the speech she intended to make to him. But the moment she saw him standing before her, one sandy eyebrow raised inquiringly, every thought she had went out of her head. She could only stammer: "Tom!" And then again, "Tom—"

"Hello, Sara," he said easily. "This is an unexpected pleasure—or is it a pleasure? You look as though you had something on your mind."

She felt he was laughing at her and this infuriated her further.

"I have plenty on my mind!" she threw back at him. "What do you mean by making a mockery of my business, hiring girls to come in and buy clothes as though—as though it were some musical comedy turn!"

"Oh, so you know," he said quietly. "Ritzy told you?" He sighed and added, "I suppose it's no use asking a woman to hold her tongue about anything, but one is ever hopeful." He crossed the room and leaned against the mantel-shelf, his hands in his pockets. "Are you very annoyed, Sara?"

"Annoyed!" she spluttered. "Annoyed is scarcely the word for it. I—I've never been so insulted in my life!"

But instead of looking contrite he suddenly and unexpectedly burst into a laugh.

"I've no intention of apologizing, if that's what you've come for, Sara," he said. "In fact, I think I did you a darn good turn. I saved you from going bankrupt. Furthermore, I saved your pride from having to confess failure to me."

"But this is worse," she cried desperately. "Don't you understand, Tom?"

He shrugged. "I don't see why it should be. And if Ritzy had only kept quiet you would never have known."

"But I'm glad she told me," Sara exclaimed. "It would have been dreadful to have gone on without knowing . . . to have thought that my own efforts were entirely responsible."

"I don't see why it should be so dreadful," he interrupted. "And anyhow I couldn't let you fail, Sara. You must see that."

She turned away from him abruptly and crossed over to the window. Tears were in her eyes, bright and stinging. She couldn't keep them back.

"Why couldn't you let me fail?" she demanded tremulously. "Is it because you didn't think I'd pay my debt when it came to the point, or—didn't you want me any longer?"

"Not want you any longer!" And then suddenly, though afterwards neither knew quite how it happened, she was in his arms.

"Not want you any longer!" he repeated hoarsely. "You silly little fool, don't you know that it is because I do want you, want you so tremendously, that I couldn't let you come to me in payment of a debt? I love you, Sara. But if you came to me you had to come to me of your own free will. You had to care for me enough to marry me."

She was sobbing against his shoulder; but not because she was unhappy. She was so happy that she didn't know what else to do.

"Sara," he shook her, "why on earth are you crying? Do you love me enough to marry me—for my own sake, I mean?"

"Of course I love you, Tom," she choked the words out. "I've loved you for months, that's why I've been so miserable. I thought you didn't care for me any longer, you couldn't come near me."

"You idiot," he said. "You sweet, darling idiot! We'll be married at once, Sara, this afternoon . . ." His arms closed about her tightly, hungrily. "Oh, my dearest," his lips were on hers, fierce, demanding. "Say you'll marry me."

"Oh, Tom," she breathed when she had breath to speak, "if you go on hugging me like this I won't be alive to marry you!"

The End.

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Canned Food Surprises for Emergencies

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Crab Flakes Delmonico.

SCALD 1 can cream of mushroom soup, add 2½ cups flaked canned crab flakes, or 1½ cups crab flakes and 1 cup lobster, and simmer gently or heat over hot water. Add a grating of nutmeg. Thicken with 1 tablespoon flour blended with 2 tablespoons cream before adding the fish, if you like a thicker sauce. Serve hot with crisp parsley or cress and sliced hard-cooked eggs or lobster coral.

Green-Gages with Baked Sauce.

SERVE canned green-gages with sauce made as follows: To 4 beaten egg yolks add 1 pint cream and a little sugar to taste. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until egg yolks are cooked. Turn into small baking-dish. Sprinkle with light brown sugar. Place in broiler under flame and let stand until sugar melts. Chill.

Canned Corn Custard.

SCALD 1 can corn with 1 pint hot milk, 2 tablespoons flour, add 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter and 2 slightly-beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered baking-dish, place in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm in center.

Tomato Soup Salad Dressing.

BEAT ½ cup thick tomato soup with ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup mild vinegar, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and a little black pepper. Vary by adding finely-chopped chives, onion juice, minced celery, minced green or pimiento peppers, chopped pickles or minced olives.

Salmon Croquettes.

ADD 2 tablespoons minced green pepper to well-seasoned white sauce. Combine with 2 cups flaked canned salmon. Season with a few grains cayenne, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon salt. Cool and form into small croquettes. The colder the mixture the easier to shape. Roll in fine bread-crumbs. Let stand a few minutes after they are shaped, so that they can be handled easily. Dip in slightly-diluted egg and again roll in fine bread-crumbs. Cook in hot deep fat until browned. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve immediately with creamed peas, egg sauce, white sauce or with buttered peas and carrots.

Succotash Casserole.

SCALD 1 quart milk, add 2 teaspoons salt, a few grains pepper and a little paprika. Pour into 6 slightly-beaten eggs, mix well and add 2 cups canned corn and 2 cups chopped canned lima beans. Turn into a greased baking-dish, place in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm in center. Serve with well-seasoned bread sauce.

Sauce Tartare (By Request).

TO 1 cup mayonnaise add 1 finely-chopped shallot, 2 tablespoons (if desired) finely-chopped capers, 2 tablespoons minced olives, 2 tablespoons minced cucumber pickles, ¼ teaspoon powdered tarragon and, if you like it, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

The famous southern Special-Blend!

A finer shortening-in money-saving cartons!

The Vegetable fat in Jewel is given remarkable shortening properties through Swift's special blending of it with other bland cooking fats. Jewel makes more tender baked foods and creams faster than the costliest types of plain all-vegetable shortening!

Preferred to the costliest shortenings!

Coffee Soufflé Pie

VIRGINIA MOORE HAY, HOUSTON, TEXAS

PASTRY: Sift together 2 c. flour, ¾ tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt and blend in ⅓ c. Jewel—the famous southern Special-Blend Shortening. To flour and shortening mixture, add ¼ cup ice cold water and mix to a stiff dough. Roll to ⅛ inch thickness and line pie pan. Bake in a hot oven, 450°F., ¼ inch thickness and line pie pan. Bake in a hot oven, 450°F., until delicately browned. (This amount makes 2 single crust pies. The unused portion may be stored in the refrigerator in a covered dish.)

FILLING: Mix together ½ c. sugar, 2 tbsps. flour, 1 c. strong cold coffee and 3 beaten egg yolks; cook until mixture coats the spoon. Soak 1 tbsp. gelatin in ¼ c. cold water, then dissolve in hot mixture. Cool; add 1 tsp. vanilla, 3 egg whites beaten stiff, and ½ c. whipped cream. Fill your tender, delicious Jewel pie crust; chill until firm, and decorate with ½ c. whipped, sweetened cream. Then serve . . . and enjoy a superlative pie!

Note to Cake-Makers: Because it is a Special-Blend, Jewel also creams faster; makes lighter, more delicate cakes.

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DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

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Twice that of tooth paste

No Acids, Grit or Pumice
Cannot possibly injure the softest enamel

Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1

Use Powder

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER—just naturally cleans best. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER—100%, cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dentists everywhere recommend Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans off all stains and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a special dental powder developed for HOME USE by a distinguished practicing dentist. Free from all acids, grit or pumice, it cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest enamel. Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's is just as effective as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. Thousands are switching to Dr. Lyon's daily.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

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HOW CORNS COME BACK, BIGGER—UGLIER

unless removed Root and All

CORNS pared at home, with serious risk of infection, only come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever.

Why not discard this old-fashioned method and use the new modern Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. It's easy to use. Held snugly in place with special Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Won't make shoes tight. Get Blue-Jay today. 25c for a package of 6 at all druggists.

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BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

FALSE TEETH CLEANED WITHOUT BRUSHING!

Miracle Powder Dissolves All Stains, Tartar, and Odors—in 5 to 15 Minutes—Like New

Put your plate—or removable bridge—in a small glass of water. Then add a little Polident powder—and watch all foul deposits vanish like magic! Absolutely harmless. Your plate gleams. It's sweet and clean as new. No more denture breath. No more dangerous scrubbing and scouring.

Your dentist will tell you that Polident is a great scientific miracle. It is made and guaranteed by the famous Wernet Laboratories—approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. And users say it is wonderful the way it makes teeth look fine and natural—ends that "false" look. Just try it—ask your druggist for a 30 cent can of Polident. It will last a long time—and you'll be delighted.

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Winter Fruit Pies With Personality

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

AS has been told so often, there once was an old lady who made some delicious pies. And into the top of each she pricked with her fork a large and beautiful capital T.

"And what does the 'T' stand for, grandmother?" asked her little granddaughter, looking wistfully at the flaky brown crusted pies on the table. Said the old lady: "'T' is for 'Tis Mince,' and 'T' is for 'Taint,' that's what 'T' stands for."

But the pies were all the same!

Now many a capable cook is suffering from the "T" complex, and by that I mean she concentrates on just one or two varieties of pie, month-in-month-out. Every time she sits down at her planning desk and asks herself: "What kind of pie shall I bake for tonight?" she comes back to one of two or three favorites, and never attempts other and intriguing pie possibilities.

Not that the standard pies aren't good—far from it. But why not make use of the other fruits, both fresh and canned, which may enter into a pie filling, as a novel change from the usual?

For the standard double-crust pie, we may use not only apples, but pears, plums, peaches, grapefruit, pineapple, as well as many Summer fruits in canned form, such as the zestful huckleberry.

For the open-face pie, where a custard base is most frequently used, we can add chopped, sliced or cut fruits of all types, or their juices, as in that "higher-up" in popular favor, lemon meringue. Dried fruits also, such as apricots and prunes, should be included in the list of Winter fillings, not neglecting raisins, which make a pie that is a pie.

If a pie filling be fruits, then usually the crust is unbaked, and the entire crust and filling baked together. If the filling be custard, then it is more popular with only a lower crust, leaving the top to consist of a light, feathery meringue, or made attractive by strips of paste laid lattice-fashion over the top.

Chopped nuts and toasted cocoanuts are two important aids in sprinkling the top to give texture and garnish.

Again, the more modern crumb crust is very useful and delicious with many custard or gelatin fillings. Rolled cookie crumbs, graham crackers or zwieback are combined with melted butter to bind together, and this mass pressed against the pie plate so as to form a retaining crust. Old New England knew this trick, but used cornmeal, pressing the meal against a thickly-greased plate before pouring in the filling.

In many of the newer types of "pie," the filling is really a gelatin custard, and the "pie" not baked at all, but placed in the refrigerator to chill and solidify. This is really a gelatin dessert held in shape by a crumb or pastry crust, and it is popular with the younger hostess because it involves no oven cookery.

A new personality may be given to a pie, also, either by making a different kind of crust, or by shaping that same crust into a smaller or different form—thus, the small triangular "tarts" filled with mincemeat or pineapple custard seem to taste differently than if the same filling were baked all in one large pie pan.

Or if the pastry be different, that is, more rich, with cream cheese, with pounded almonds, or similar novel touch, then the completed dessert has also a "different" presentation.

Speaking of crust or pastry, one might say that each different fruit or filling has its own special choice in crusts, flaky pastry for the rich cream or custard mixtures, plain pastries for the sharp acid fruits, and puff paste for the extremely sweet or nut-strewed mixtures, chocolate custard, etc.

A wonderful cook, once in the employ of the writer (and previously cook to opera stars) had, as her own specialty, a short-bread crust which she refused to divulge to anyone. It was, indeed, unique and priceless, and crumbled like true shortbread on the lips of the eater. After tasting it, no fruit pie ever seemed the same. Sweet cream cheese gives a delicate tang to the crust, and seems especially fitted to lemon pie or lemon tarts.

The English type of one-crust pie or tart should commend itself to more of us housewives. Use a 4-inch-deep dish, more like an oblong casserole or fireproof baking-dish, and lay in the fruits, cooked and sweetened. Extend the top crust well over the sides, and pinch down to a lower strip of paste along the dish's edges. Prick and bake as usual.

There is never any danger of soggy undercrust in this one-crust pie, which, as has been pointed out, is extremely well suited to tart acid fruits with such juice (huckleberries, gooseberries, rhubarb, etc.).

Just a few general pointers on pastry. The secrets of good, light and flaky pastry lie in the right amount as well as the right kind of shortening; in not overhandling the dough, and in so working the pastry that enough air cells are enclosed as shall make the crust flaky when it is baked.

So, chill all ingredients thoroughly, distribute the shortening evenly by the aid of two knives, so that all particles of fat are equally mixed in the dough. A combination of one-half preferred shortening, and one-half pure butter gives a good standard pastry mix.

Use only enough water or liquid (iced) to hold the paste together. It should be neither crumbly nor sticky. Turn mass onto waxed paper. Wrap, pressing together, and set aside in refrigerator to chill before rolling out.

A pastry cloth over the rolling-pin is a great convenience, and so is that roller with an inner ice-chamber. Flour board very lightly. Always roll pastry away from you, or away from the center of the sheet of dough. Turn once or twice before too heavy.

And now a word, at long last, about the topping or meringue. Why do they sometimes "weep" or run, or shrink, instead of standing pertly up to grace your pie?

Allow 2 egg whites and 4 tablespoons sugar to each single pie meringue. Beat whites until foamy. Then add, tablespoon-by-tablespoon, the sugar. When all sugar is added, continue beating until mixture "stands in peaks." Pile lightly on already filled pie, and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. The three secrets of a successful meringue are beating the whites until foamy; thorough incorporation of sugar and whites; moderate baking temperature.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Green Apple Sauce, Whole Grain Cereal, Rice Pancakes, Peach Marmalade, Milk or Coffee, *Luncheon* Succotash Casserole, Pineapple Apricot Salad, Cream Dressing, Tea Biscuits, Cocoa, *Dinner* Veal Loaf with Mushroom Ragout, Buttered Beets, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Chocolate Roll Pudding.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas and Oranges, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Toasted Rice or Graham Bread, Coffee, *Luncheon* Cream of Salmon Soup, Crackers, Shredded Vegetable Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, *Dinner* Boiled Tongue, Brown Olive Sauce, Franconia Potatoes, Steamed Spinach, Canned Tomato Salad, Dried Peach Turnovers.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Jam, Coffee, *Luncheon* Asparagus Loaf with Asparagus Tips, Jellied Fruit Salad, Muffins, Cocoa, *Dinner* Halibut Baked in Milk, Noodles, Green Peas, Grated Carrot, Sliced Radishes, Minced Cucumber and Celery with French Dressing, Mock Cherry Pie.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Cereal, Fruzzled Dried Beef with Eggs, Popovers, Coffee, *Luncheon* Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Bread-Sticks, Maple Cake with Maple Cream Frosting, Hot Lemon Punch, *Dinner* Pot Roast of Lamb, Paprika Biscuits, Asparagus or Green Beans, Red Cabbage Salad, Marshmallow Fig Surprise.	*Breakfast* Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee, *Luncheon* Salmon Delmonico, Baked Potatoes, Molded Spinach Salad, Savory Dressing, Orange Cream Cakes, Tea, with Lemon, *Dinner* Pilaf of Smoked Halibut, Carrots, Ten-Minute Cabbage, Fruit Cup, Walnut Cookies.	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches, Poached Eggs, English Muffins, Coffee, *Dinner* "Old-Fashioned Pot Liquor" (Liquid from Turnip Salad, Collards or Other Greens), Pork Backbone cooked with Rice, Corn-Bread, Greens, Pickles, Floating Island, Coffee, *Supper* Bread-and-Cheese Stew, Cabbage Salad, Canned Fruit, Frosted Cookies.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Toast, Unsalted Butter, Marmalade, Coffee, *Dinner* Braised Stuffed Steak, Brown Gravy, Sweet Potatoes cooked with Apples, Buttered Broccoli, Radish and Chives Salad, French Dressing, Danish Fruit Custard, Coffee. *Supper* Milk Toast, Stewed Fruit, Cookies.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3590 — LET GAY FRILL ENCIRCLE YOUR SHOULDERS AND CHEER UP MORNINGS "AT HOME!" THIS FROCK IS GRAND IN CRISP COTTON. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3554 — HEIGHT-GIVING PANEL, SAUCY PUFFED SLEEVES, AND HANDY SQUARE POCKETS SUM UP THE CHIC OF THIS WASH FROCK! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3505 — IT'S POLITE TO "TURN YOUR BACK" WHEN YOU REVEAL SMART BUTTONED TRIM THAT ADDS DASH TO THIS CHIC SHIRT-WAISTER! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3594 — LUXURIOUS PEACOCK ENHANCES A COLORFUL SCARF, BUFFET OR CHAIR SET. EASY TO EMBROIDER IN SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH! Pattern 3594 contains a transfer pattern of two motifs 12½x13½ inches, and two and two reverse motifs 4x4¼ inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

Pattern 3592—MIGHTY PROUD OF HER WINSOME PRINCESS-LINE FROCK IS THIS CUTE MISS WITH THE PIG-TAILS. BLOOMERS INCLUDED. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric.

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THE "OTHER" MRS. OLIPHANT

OH DEAR, I'LL BE A WRECK TONIGHT FROM ALL THIS SCRUBBING.
SEE—HERE'S HOW SHE USED TO LOOK, BEFORE SHE HAD THESE BIG WASHINGS TO DO.
HO, HO! SHE'LL BE A REGULAR SCRUBWOMAN BEFORE WE GET THROUGH WITH HER, EH?
THAT EVENING
IT'S THE JONES', DEAR. THEY WANT US TO COME OVER AND JOIN THE PARTY.
I JUST CAN'T, JOHN. I'M SO TIRED FROM THAT BIG WASH, I COULD DIE.
NEXT WASHDAY
SCRUB, SCRUB—I FEEL LIKE I'M 90 YEARS OLD!
GLADYS, WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU SCRUBBING CLOTHES IN THIS NEW DAY OF "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS?

THOSE "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS ARE TOO HARSH! I TRIED ONE ONCE, AND IT FADED THINGS TERRIBLY.
BUT HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THE IVORY SOAP PEOPLE HAVE DEVELOPED A NEW SAFE ONE, CALLED OXYDOL. AND IT SOAKS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER! WAIT—I'LL GET A PACKAGE.
5 MINUTES LATER
WHAT! YOU SAY IT SOAKS OUT THE DIRT IN 15 MINUTES—WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING?
ABSOLUTELY! JUST WAIT AND SEE.
15 MINUTES LATER
LOOK—THEY'RE LOVELY WHITE! AND ONLY 15 MINUTES' SOAKING!
AND OXYDOL'S SAFE AS CAN BE FOR COLORS, TOO. I'VE WASHED THIS PRINT DRESS SCORES OF TIMES—AND IT'S BRIGHT AS NEW.
NEXT WASHDAY EVENING
WHAT! YOU DID A BIG WASH TODAY—AND YOU WANT TO GO STEPPING TONIGHT?
I'VE FOUND A WONDERFUL NEW SOAP, CALLED OXYDOL, THAT SOAKS THE CLOTHES WHITE. NO MORE BEASTLY SCRUBBING FOR ME!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
THAT COULDN'T BE THE SAME MRS. OLIPHANT I MET LAST MONTH!
ACTUALLY, SHE LOOKS 10 YEARS YOUNGER.
MY, WHAT PEP! DO YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT IF I ASK HER FOR A DANCE?

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NOW! SOAK CLOTHES 4 TO 5 SHADES WHITER

No Scrubbing, No Boiling . . . This Amazing Way

Yet This Soap is So Safe It Won't Fade Any Washable Color, or Injure Hands

The wonders of science now bring you this new "15-minute soaking" soap, that's *safe as can be for colors, hands!*

All you do is soak clothes 15 minutes in the tubful, and see them wash *snowy white!* Even grimy spots come clean with a gentle rub! No more backaches from hard scrubbing, no more tedious boiling. And no more red hands or faded colors, such as harsh soaps cause.

Developed by the makers of gentle Ivory soap, Oxydol works on an utterly new principle. It is the result of a new formula which makes *mild, gentle soap 2 to 3 times whiter washing, yet keeps it safe.* A patented process that makes it *fast faster acting!*

With Oxydol, you can get thick, 3-inch suds in any water—hard or soft. Suds that do these 4 amazing things:

(1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy collar bands come snowy white with a gentle rub. (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40%, in tub or machine. (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (4) Yet so safe that even sheer cotton prints washed 100 consecutive times in Oxydol suds, showed no perceptible sign of fading. And your hands stay soft and white.

Why go on with long, tedious hours of back-breaking scrubbing, when Oxydol will end all this? Each week new thousands of women are discarding other soaps and adopting it.

Oxydol is economical, too. Tests show that it will go one-third to one-half again as far as even the latest soap chips on the market. Get Oxydol from your dealer today. Procter & Gamble.

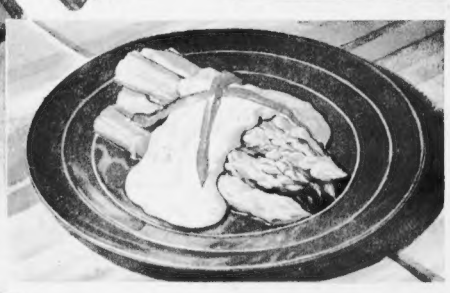
TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

To please your menfolk,

Creamed Old English *Cheese*

Copr. 1937 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

Chicken Pancakes Au Gratin—Leftover chicken creamed in a golden cheese sauce, and neatly folded into tender pancakes! There's a lunch or supper dish special enough for guests, thrifty enough for the family! To one cup of hot creamed chicken add ½ package of Creamed Old English Cheese, shredded. Stir until cheese is melted. Fill thin, hot pancakes with creamed chicken and roll. Sprinkle with ½ package of Creamed Old English Cheese, shredded, and place in 350° oven until cheese melts. Serve with apples cooked in red cinnamon candy syrup.



Asparagus with Mushroom Rabbit—Make a sauce with 3 tablespoons melted butter, 5 tablespoons flour and 1¾ cups canned cream of mushroom soup (ready to serve). When thickened and smooth, add one package Creamed Old English Cheese, shredded, and stir until melted. Season to taste and serve on hot, buttered asparagus tips. Garnish each portion with strips of pimiento.

CHEESE WITH A NIP to its flavor—that's what the men go for! And the *name* of the cheese is Creamed Old English.

It is made from the choicest, English-type Cheddar that's been skillfully aged to a mellow-sharp goodness. To this rare cheese Kraft adds just the right amount of rich cream—to make Creamed Old English spread and toast and melt perfectly. This means Creamed Old English is as grand in cooked dishes as it is in sandwiches or just spread on crackers.

That's what makes this cheese such a favorite with so many clever homemakers. They join the men in praising its flavor, of course. But they're *awfully* keen about its marvelous *cookability*, too. Not a lump or a "string" when you melt Creamed Old English.

You'll understand all the enthusiasm when you try the three delicious Creamed Old English dishes pictured on this page. Save the recipes... get some Creamed Old English Cheese tomorrow...and see what triumphs you will produce! You'll find Creamed Old English at all food stores.

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY

KRAFT

Cheese Omelet with Spanish Vegetables—Make a vegetable sauce this way: Cook 2 cups canned tomatoes, and one tablespoon chopped onion slowly until thick. Add ½ cup cooked green peas; and ½ cup cooked celery and ½ cup cooked green beans, both cut in thin strips. Season.

Cook ½ cup of milk, 1½ tablespoons minute tapioca and seasonings 10 minutes in double boiler. Add 1 tablespoon butter and one cup shredded Creamed Old English Cheese. Stir until Cheese is melted. Add 3 beaten egg yolks, blend well, and then fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered frying pan and cook very slowly until omelet is "set". Place in very slow oven, 275°, until top is dry.

Spread hot vegetable sauce over half of omelet, fold it and serve at once.

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Let the youngsters have Velveeta often in sandwiches and cooked dishes. It's accepted by the American Medical Association Council on Foods.

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